

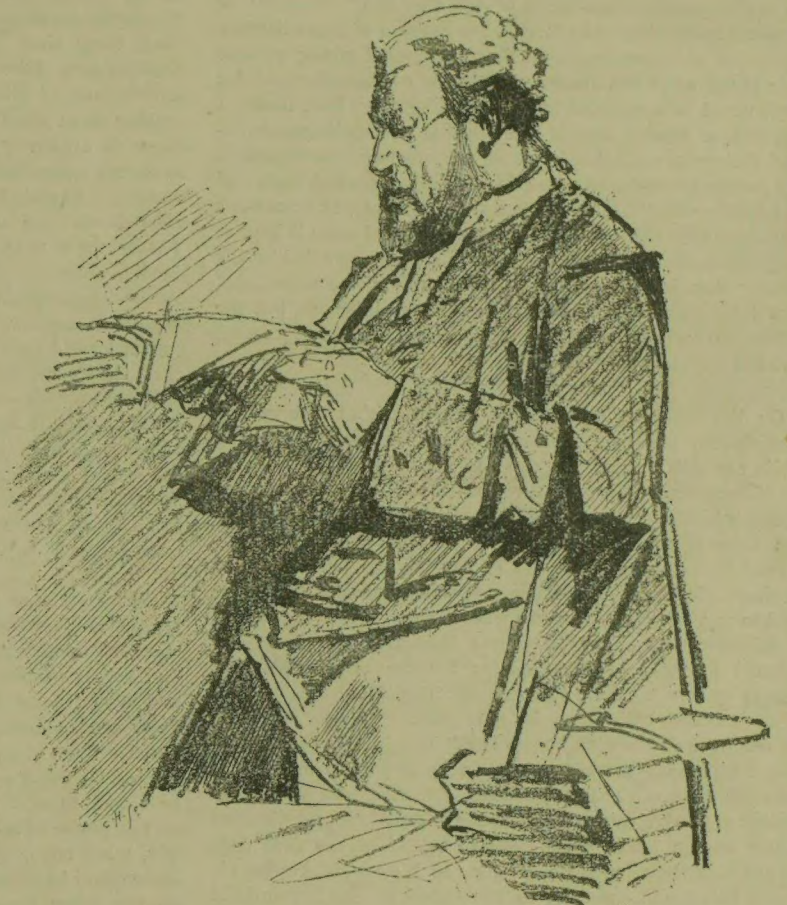
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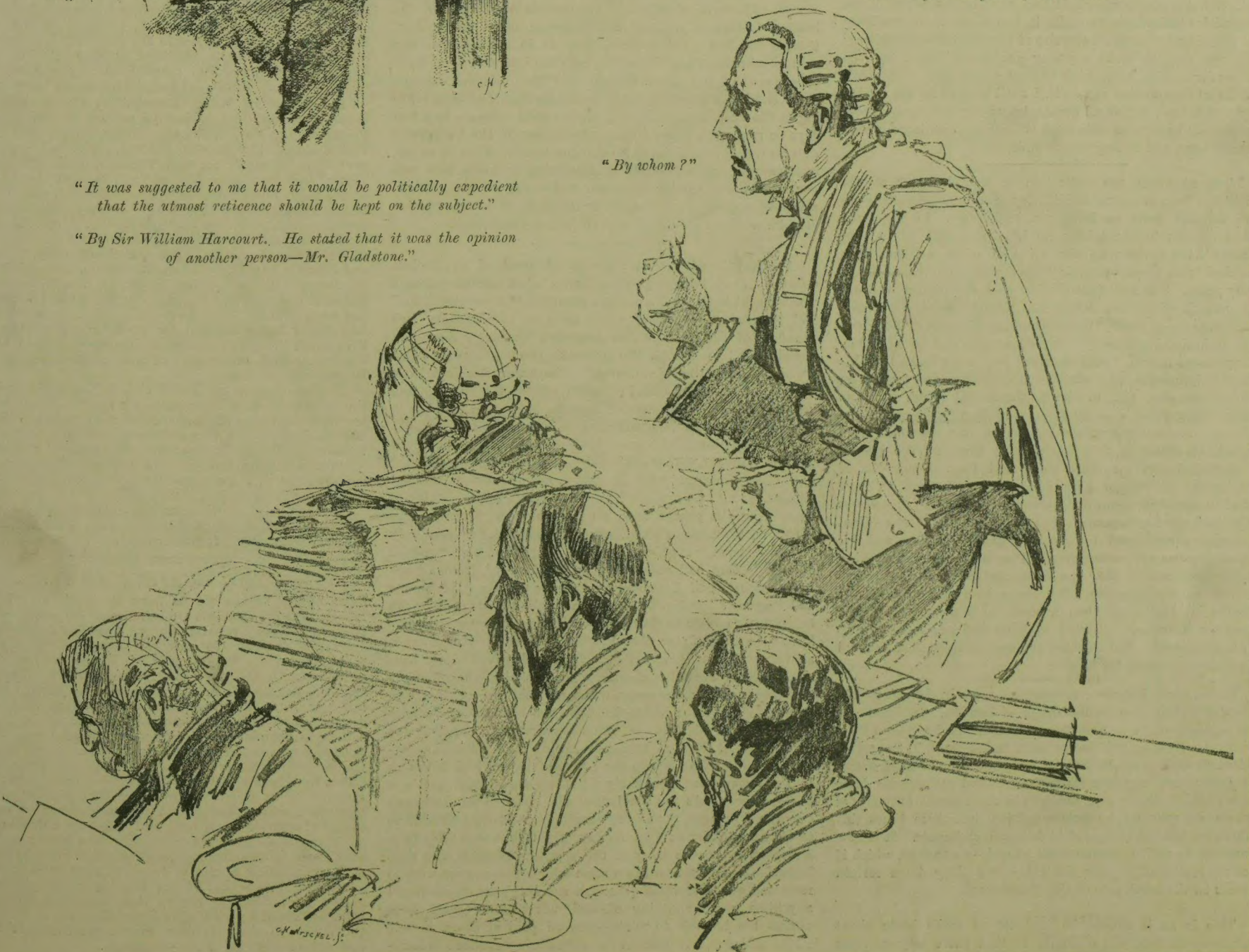


The "Light Weight" of the "Times."

"It was suggested to me that it would be politically expedient that the utmost reticence should be kept on the subject."

"By Sir William Harcourt. He stated that it was the opinion of another person—Mr. Gladstone."

"By whom?"



OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A number of eminent persons have been denouncing competitive examinations, and most offensive things they doubtless are, especially to those who have to pass them. I confess that, without being deeply impressed with the intelligence of the young gentlemen I have had the pleasure to meet who win the prizes, I am amazed at the information which they temporarily carry about with them; even those who are beaten seem to be miracles of learning; and when they show me their examination-papers there is not a question which (in their own phraseology) would not "utterly stump" me. If my own time were to come over again, I feel that not a messengership—far less a civil appointment in the land of the pagoda-tree—would be within my educational grasp. But then, somehow, something, which is not vanity but common-sense, tells me that as a boy I was not such an utter fool, though I knew none of these things; and a similar conviction is borne in upon most persons who have made their way in the world, without one-tenth of the "ologies" that are now necessary at starting. At a time when persons of great literary distinction were pressing upon the attention of young persons their Hundred (I had almost written their hundredweight, for they seemed to be selected for their ponderosity) Best Books, I ventured to remark that it was possible to educate people beyond their wits; and this, it seems, has now been accomplished. Our youths are absolutely "stodged" with dates and facts and book-lumber of all kinds. If you ask a boy at any crammer's how many hours his classical or mathematical nose is kept to the grindstone, his answer throws the slavery revealed by the Factory Act into the shade; whereas everyone acquainted with intellectual toil is aware that no real benefit, but the reverse, is derived from "overtime" work: nothing comes of it but mist and muddle.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that competitive examinations have, on the whole, given us more competent public servants; there is not so much shirking of work in our Government offices as there used to be; not so many "Queen's hard bargains"; and especially it is certain young men take a greater pride in their professions, and more interest in them, than they did in the days of patronage and purchase. Moreover, the other side will doubtless have their word to say. I remember one who has had a vast experience of military education telling me that the cry about the physical inferiority of candidates for the army under the present system is simply the clamour raised by the dullards (or their friends) who have failed to pass. "If you choose to add raising weights with their teeth," he said, "to the present tests, I will back the lads who win in the other subjects to make the most marks in that too." He illustrated, if I remember right, his contention that the physical and intellectual powers on the whole went hand in hand, by the fact that the youth of the scientific corps (i.e., at Woolwich Academy), though inferior in numbers to the cadets at Sandhurst, held their own with them and something more, at cricket and football. What seems to me would be a great improvement in our competitive training is to make it less a matter of drudgery and slogging, and more an exercise of the intellectual faculties; it is not easy to make a young gentleman learn, but the process for making him think has not as yet been discovered. If a Royal Commission can do it, I shall believe in the Divine Right of Kings; but at all events, let us try something; there must surely be some middle course between cramming our boys like chickens, and letting things slide.

If, as at home, the abdication of a head-master at the Antipodes means extra holidays, the public schoolboy in New Zealand must be having a high time. In the seven oldest schools in the colony no less than twenty-two headmasters have thrown up the reins of office, or had them snatched from them by their "governing committee," in as many years. The *Post* (not the *Morning Post*, but a Wellington paper) gives the items of this very unfashionable intelligence:—so many "Worried to death," so many "Badgered into resigning," so many "Driven away," and so on. One, it is pleasant to find, "Still survives, but sorely baited." This is certainly not the way public schoolmasters are treated in the old country, and to the mathematical mind, if to no other, it may afford some satisfaction as tending to restore the balance. These unfortunate gentlemen, we are told, were "nearly all chosen by first-rate men at home, on the ground of special fitness for their posts, and from a long list of candidates." It would have been better for them to have failed in obtaining these Antipodean prizes. The fault seems to lie in divided government. I once had a friend who edited a magazine conducted by a committee of divines, and his experience was not encouraging. They objected to everything except the articles they wrote themselves, and which they insisted on his inserting. He was a lean man; but in six months he lost more than a stone in weight, and would doubtless have been a living skeleton had he not thrown up his appointment. But the case of these unhappy New Zealand schoolmasters seems far harder.

In Mr. Shaw Lefevre's interesting paper in the *Nineteenth Century* on the "Public Buildings of London," he insists on the necessity of "relieving the pressure which has arisen from crowding Westminster Abbey with monuments." He called attention to the fact, he tells us, six years ago, "during which no fewer than eighteen statues, busts, and monuments have been added." One a year seems to be the amount of bust (or otherwise) required by public opinion, but three times this allowance has been awarded to deceased claimants. It is now proposed to add a monumental chapel—an annexe, which if not the rose shall be near the rose—by pulling down certain houses on the north side of Old Palace-yard.

This is as it should be, and let us make haste about enlarging the National Walhalla so that there may be room

and verge enough when our time comes to be put there. It is not a case where "business" can be "carried on during the alterations." There is "snug lying in the Abbey," but it is too snug: there might be written over its doors what is so constantly seen over those of our omnibuses—"Full inside." It is not a question of "Si momentum requiris, Sir-come-spy-see"; there are only too many monuments, and no standing place for another, nor even a niche in the wall for one's tablet. It is not a matter of choice as it was in St. Paul's, where the poet warns us against inartistic monumental neighbourhoods:—

It should not be there, nor nearer the door,
Where the Man and the Angel have got Sir John Moore,
And are quietly letting him down through the floor,

and so on. In Westminster there is really no room for anybody, whether in eligible situations or not. It is not egotism—for I don't care where they put me, unless it's in a draught, and I dare say even that won't matter, only it is so difficult to get rid of a life-long prejudice—but a sincere desire that much more eminent persons may find a resting-place suitable to their merits that causes me to add my feeble voice to this cry of "Enlarge the Abbey!" We are told, on good authority, that "not more than fifteen or twenty burials, at most," can possibly now take place there; and when we consider the uncertainty of life—in the case of some of us who are getting on in years one might put it even a little stronger—there is evidently not an hour to lose in providing the necessary accommodation. Of course, as a temporary measure, one could be embalmed, and wait; but literary persons, at all events, have no money to spend in luxuries of this kind. There was a time when a great man, on the eve of a great deed, could exclaim, "Westminster Abbey or a Peerage!" without evoking a smile from his contemporaries. But the area of aspiration is now more limited; nobody wants to be a Peer (or, at least, he says he doesn't), and, in any case, we are told that the Peerage is played out. In a few more years there will be nothing but Westminster Abbey for the reward of genius. It will never, I hope, be contemplated to take people out of it in order to make room for more worthy claimants; the idea of a committee sitting upon the merits of Departed Worth, and deciding which of them is to go, is too painful to dwell upon; there is therefore clearly nothing for it but to enlarge the Abbey.

The Jews seem thankful for small mercies. In one of their organs the opinions of one Emperor and a King regarding them are quoted this week with much apparent satisfaction. In a recent conversation between the young Emperor William and King Humbert, the former is said to have observed, "The Jews are an intelligent element, and I am not prejudiced against them in particular"; to which his Majesty of Italy replies, "I think as you do. Good and bad individuals are to be found in every religious denomination." This is not the sort of praise to which one would apply the epithet "falsome," but, when one considers who are the speakers, I suppose little more could be expected of them. With the Emperor of Russia, on the other hand, the Caucasian race (as might have been expected from his geographical position) have distinctly scored. The love of religious freedom is not, however, the leading feature of some of his subjects; and a young Jew, though he had distinguished himself in scholarship, was refused admission the other day into the University of Kieff on account of his creed. Upon this "he took the extreme step" (and so it seems, indeed; good Heavens!) of telegraphing to the Czar, and petitioning for his good offices. In a few days he received a message from the Rector of the University that he was admitted into its orthodox bosom. This is, so far, satisfactory; but it would be interesting to learn how this young Hebrew scholar has been welcomed by his brother-students, and whether University life at Kieff has the charms for him which it would have at Oxford or Cambridge.

At the Grand Masonic Lodge of Scotland at its last quarterly (and Edinburgh) meeting, a most terrible outrage was brought to the notice of the authorities. Three "brethren" had been so forgetful of their vows as to introduce two members of the other sex to hear, and "partially through a closed door" to behold, the proceedings of a certain lodge "when tyled in the third degree." The expression is a little vague to the outsider, and reminds one of the locking and "double locking" the door, a superfluous caution peculiar to novelists; but it no doubt signifies some apartment thoroughly roofed in, and intended to exclude spectators. These audacious persons, however, we are informed, actually "broke the tiling," so that an opportunity for inspection must have been afforded similar to that of a skylight. For my part, I know nothing of these mysteries except from report; but what I exceedingly resent is that these sacrilegious persons have been only punished with "expulsion" from the order, and "special censure." One had reasonably looked forward, from all one has ever heard of Freemasonry, to some penalty ("humorous and lingering" as Mr. Gilbert terms it) like boiling oil, or the being put to death to slow music (the bagpipes would hardly have been too bad for them) at the very least. Humanity is all very well, but it is terrible to be thus deprived of our illusions. There is still a chance, of course, that the offenders may mysteriously disappear, when we shall be at liberty to hope for the worst; but to find that, for introducing females to the secrets of Masonry, offenders are only expelled (as they might be from an anti-tobacco club for smoking a cigarette) is a blow from which the lovers of legend and believers in the Vengeance (with a big V) of a violated cult will not easily recover. As for the ladies, who seem to have escaped (thanks, I suppose, to their nationality) scot free, I tremble to think what, under an older régime, might have been their fate. Everyone knows the story of the inquisitive female who shut herself up in a cupboard in a room where Freemasons were to meet and was discovered (through sneezing) before she heard anything worth speaking of, and nevertheless—well, it is almost too horrible to relate—was on pain of death herself sworn a Mason, but without the secret being confided to her—

a refinement of cruelty that, so far as we know, though he was very cruel to women, never entered into the brain of Torquemada himself.

Some people are always complaining that they have been born before their time, with what seems to their friends very little reason. But I wish I could have my life at a public school over again, not so much with the object of being a better boy, as because, at one of them at least, it is no longer necessary to learn Greek. Mr. Welldon (a capital name), the Head-Master of Harrow, has come to the conclusion that boys who may be expected to advance enough to profit by Greek literature, will know quite as much about it at eighteen if they learn it at fourteen as though they had begun it earlier; while the immense majority, "who never get beyond stumbling through the *Iliad* with the help of a crib and a lexicon," had very much better not begin it at all, but give their attention to something more useful. Here is common-sense at last in a classical seminary. But in the mean time what have I, and thousands like me, "kept from the playground oftentimes upon no ground whatever," suffered from what I am afraid we used to call "that beastly language"! and how can we ever obtain compensation? The hours of sunshine spent in looking out its filthy roots, which we might have passed in the open air, or in reading story-books; the headaches, the vertigos, its irregular verbs engendered; the consonantless shrieking (those much-admired "cries of females without") in its terrible plays—I protest, when I think of them, I hate it with a hate that I have never been able to develop against a fellow-creature who has injured me! It is wrong to speak of the dead with such bitterness, but not of a dead language.

THE COURT.

The Queen, who is in good health at Balmoral, went out on the morning of Nov. 1 with Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess, drove in the afternoon. Sir Algernon and Miss Borthwick lunched at the castle, and Miss Borthwick afterwards had the honour of being received by the Queen. Princess Frederica and Baron Pawel-Rammingen dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Miss Trotter, in attendance on Princess Frederica, the Rev. A. Campbell, and Captain Davidson, commanding the Guard at Ballater, had the honour of being invited. Lieutenant M'Kerrell and Lieutenant Wolrige-Gordon dined at the castle, and were received by the Queen in the evening. On the morning of the 2nd the Queen went out, attended by the Hon. Marie Adeane. In the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Beatrice and Princess Frederica. Prince Henry of Battenberg left the castle for London. Prince Arthur and Princess Margaret of Connaught took leave of her Majesty, and left for London on their way to India. The Queen went out, with Princess Beatrice, on the 3rd. In the afternoon her Majesty drove out, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe and the Hon. Marie Adeane. Princess Frederica and Baron Pawel-Rammingen dined with the Queen. Lord Knutsford, who arrived at the castle as Minister in attendance, had the honour of being included in the Queen's dinner-party. Divine service was performed at the castle on Sunday morning, the 4th, in the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Royal household. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. In the afternoon her Majesty and Princess Beatrice visited Princess Frederica at Abergeldie Mains. The Queen and Princess Beatrice went out on Monday morning, the 5th, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe; and in the afternoon her Majesty and the Princess drove out, attended by Miss McNeill. Princess Frederica and Baron Von Pawel-Rammingen dined with the Queen, and Lord Knutsford had the honour of being invited.

The Prince of Wales, attended by General Sir Charles Teesdale and Sir Francis Knollys, arrived at Sandringham on Friday night, Nov. 2, for the winter season. Prince Albert Victor, attended by Captain Holford, arrived at Sandringham next day. The Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene on the morning of Sunday, Nov. 4. The Rev. F. Hervey, M.A., Rector of Sandringham, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Chaplain to the Queen, officiated. The Prince and Princess have accepted an invitation, forwarded through Dr. James Williams, the late Mayor of Brecon, to attend the National Eisteddfod at Brecon in 1889.—Prince Albert Victor has been granted long leave of absence from his military duties, and leaves London for Copenhagen, to represent the Prince and Princess of Wales at the celebrations in honour of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the King of Denmark to the throne.

Princess Louise on Nov. 5 visited Newcastle, and opened the Durham College of Science. An enthusiastic welcome was accorded her Royal Highness, on whose behalf the Marquis of Lorne acknowledged two addresses presented to her, first by the Corporation and afterwards by the Council of the College.

Prince Arthur Patrick and Princess Margaret of Connaught left Charing-cross by the Continental express-train, on Nov. 6, for India, to join their parents.

Prince Christian, who has been spending the vacation on the Continent, returned on Nov. 4 to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, from Germany.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

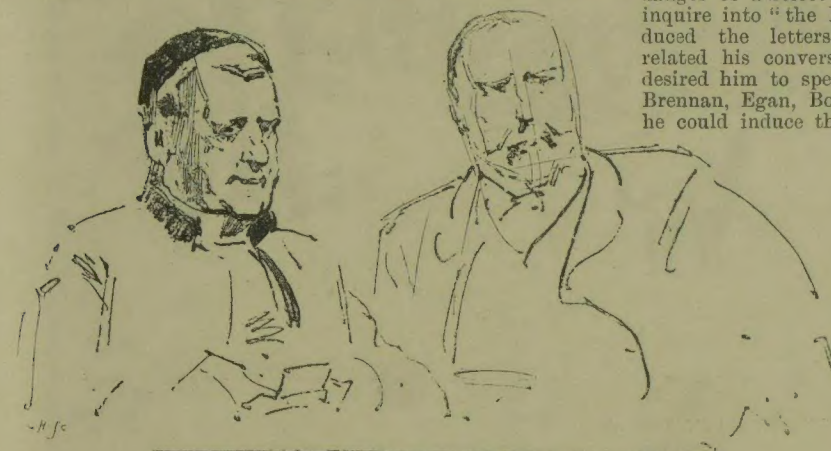
Some of the Vienna papers have lately circulated alarming reports that preparations are being made in the West Russian provinces, close to the German and Austrian frontiers, for the arrival of considerable numbers of troops, which are to be transferred from the interior of Russia to those frontier provinces. On the other hand, it was understood months ago that the division from the Caucasus, frequently mentioned last spring, would reach the Western frontier late in the autumn; and a recent communication from St. Petersburg refutes as completely incorrect the statement concerning the alleged movement of the Caucasus Division in the direction of the western frontier of Russia. It is added that no such orders have been received by the division referred to; and that the movements of troops which are taking place are merely connected with concentration which was carried out in the camps of exercise lately held, and which is now discontinued, the manoeuvres having terminated. We have received, however, from our own correspondent, sketches made by M. Baruch at Kiev, showing a certain degree of activity in military preparations. One is that of the Russian conscripts assembling at the Kiev dépôt, to receive their arms and uniforms; the other is that of a review of mounted Cossacks of the Caucasus, previously to their farther march westward, the precise destination of which is not yet known.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

The Special Commissioners, Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith, holding the Court of judicial inquiry concerning the charges and allegations set forth by the *Times* against Mr. Parnell and other Irish members of Parliament connected with the Irish Land League and the Irish National League during eight or nine years past, have continued their sittings at the Royal Courts of Justice in



the Strand. The proceedings on Tuesday, Oct. 30, which was the sixth day of sitting, Wednesday, and Thursday, Nov. 1, were enlivened by some characteristic incidents, as the witnesses called by the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, who was, with Sir Henry James and Mr. Murphy, leading counsel for the *Times*, were cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell, counsel for Mr. Parnell, and by Mr. T. Healy, Mr. Davitt, and others, who appeared for themselves or for clients on the Parnellite side. The first witnesses belonged to the class of official reporters of speeches made in Ireland at the League meetings; they were head-constables or other officers of the



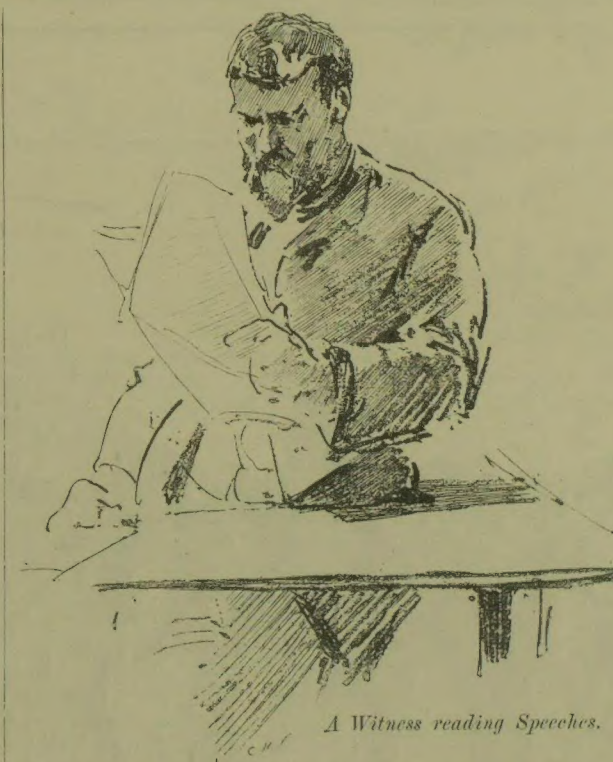
Royal Irish Constabulary, who could take notes in shorthand, and who were sometimes called upon to compare their notes with the reports published in the newspapers of the time. Mr. Healy, at the beginning of this course of evidence, declared that he had read the reports of his own speeches as they appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*; he added, "I admit having made them, and I am proud of them." At the sitting on Wednesday, Oct. 31, Captain W. H. O'Shea, formerly a



friend of Mr. Parnell and M.P. for Clare until 1883, was examined at great length with regard to the negotiations which he privately carried on, in April, 1882, with the assent of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone, to ascertain what promise Mr. Parnell could be induced to give, in case of his liberation from prison, that he would use his influence to stop outrages and acts of violence. This was the transaction called at the time, by some opponents of Mr. Gladstone's Government, "the Kilmainham Treaty." Considerable sensation was now excited by Captain O'Shea's statement that he destroyed some of his memoranda concerning these negotiations in 1883 because, as he said, "it was suggested to



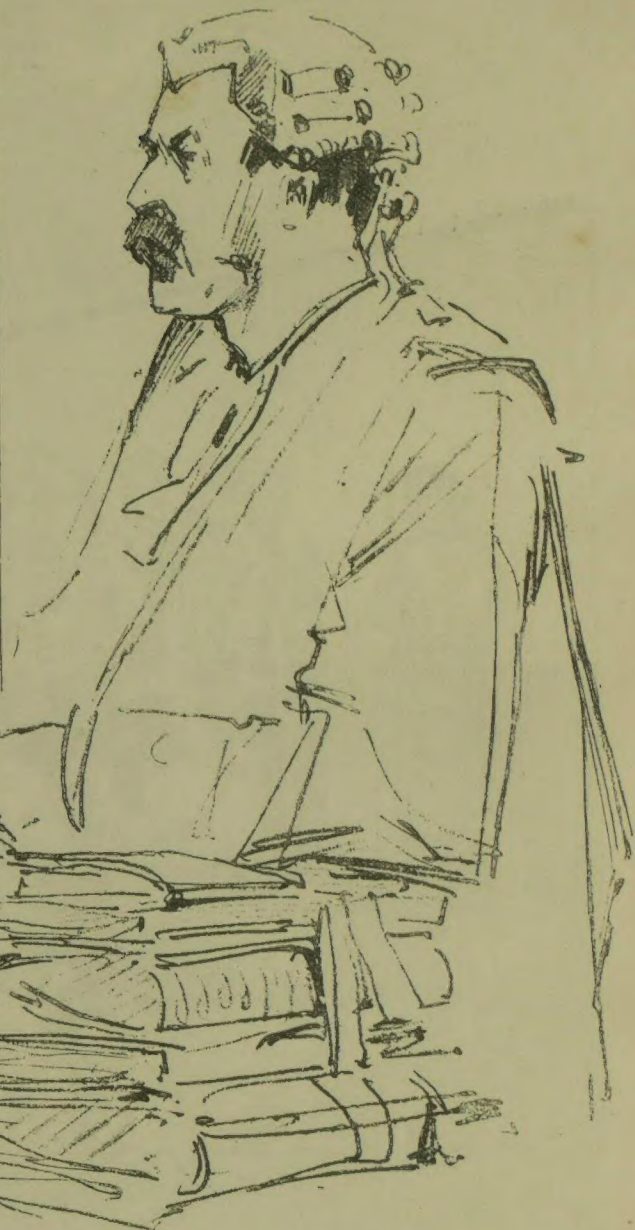
me that it would be politically expedient that the utmost reticence should be kept on the subject." Sir Charles Russell, who was then cross-examining the witness, asked, "By whom?" to which Captain O'Shea answered, "By Sir William Harcourt (much laughter);" he stated that it was the opinion of another person—Mr. Gladstone." The President of the Court rebuked the laughter with which the name of Sir William Harcourt was greeted. Captain O'Shea, in reply to other questions, said that no suggestion of the kind was made by Mr. Chamberlain, and certainly not by Mr. Parnell; it was at the time when there was danger of a Select Committee being appointed to inquire into "the Kilmainham Treaty." He produced the letters and papers remaining, and related his conversations with Mr. Parnell, who desired him to speak about procuring liberty for Brennan, Egan, Boyton, and Sheridan, saying that he could induce them to put down outrages and boycotting. Captain O'Shea was then shown the original of the alleged letter of Mr. Parnell, dated May 15, 1882, referring to the Phoenix Park murders of May 6, and declared his belief that the signature was Mr. Parnell's hand-



A Witness reading Speeches.

writing. The eighth day's sitting was chiefly occupied with further reports of Land League meetings and speeches. The Court then adjourned to Tuesday, Nov. 6, when Mr. Albert Chester Ives, special correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who in December, 1879, had long conversations with Mr. Parnell on board an Atlantic steamer, produced his report of those conversations, as published at the time. They chiefly related to the distress then prevailing in Ireland, for the relief of which the *New York Herald* gave £20,000, and raised a subscription fund of nearly £50,000; but Mr. Parnell explained the plan and objects of the Land League, on which he was going to lecture in America, and said that there was nothing secret or illegal in its proceedings. He remarked, however: "A true revolutionary movement in Ireland should, in my opinion, partake of both a constitutional and an illegal character. It should be both an open and a secret organisation, using the constitution for its own purposes, but also taking advantage of its secret combination." Mr. Parnell said that his own party was constitutional, and that he would not belong to any illegal body. The Attorney-General next put in the certificate of registration, in July, 1881, of *United Ireland*, proving that Mr. Parnell and Mr. Patrick Egan were the principal proprietors of that newspaper, each holding 237 shares. Evidence of the perpetration of agrarian outrages, from May, 1880, was then produced; the Attorney-General undertaking to show that these outrages were connected with the local branches of the Land League, or with the speeches

and published writings for which the Land League was responsible. The Counsel on the other side, Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Reid, and Mr. Lockwood, objected to this evidence as not expressly connected with Mr. Parnell and the other persons incriminated; but the Judges held it to be admissible. John Rafferty, of Castlegrove, Galway, a tenant of nine or ten acres, then described how he was pulled out of his bed at night, and his back was "carded," or scraped with a board in which nails



"I submit, my Lord, that you have no jurisdiction."

were fixed, because he had taken a bit of land. Mrs. Dempsey related the murder of her husband, in May, 1881; and Mrs. Connors, another widow, told a similar sad story. Acts of malicious damage to property, and the practice of boycotting, from 1880 to 1887, were proved by landowners and county magistrates. The Court adjourned to the next day.



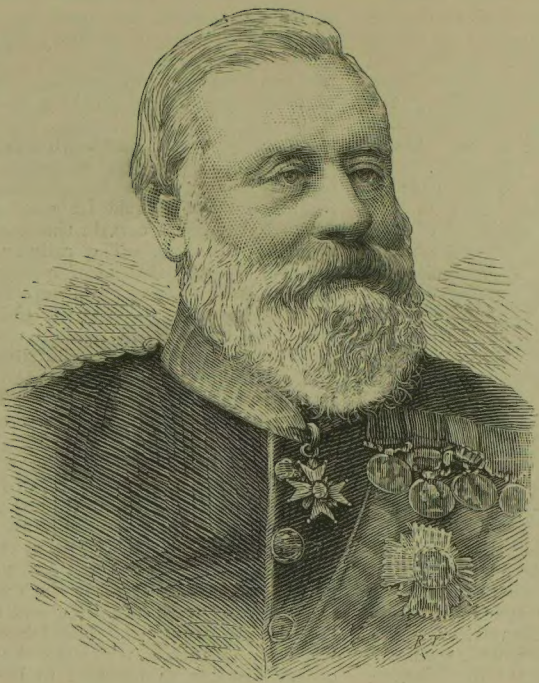
"I admit having made them, and am proud of them."



RUSSIAN CONSCRIPTS ASSEMBLING AT THE KIEV MILITARY DÉPÔT.



REVIEW OF COSSACKS OF THE CAUCASUS AT KIEV.



THE LATE GENERAL SIR EDMUND HAYTHORNE, K.C.B.,
FORMERLY ADJUTANT-GENERAL.



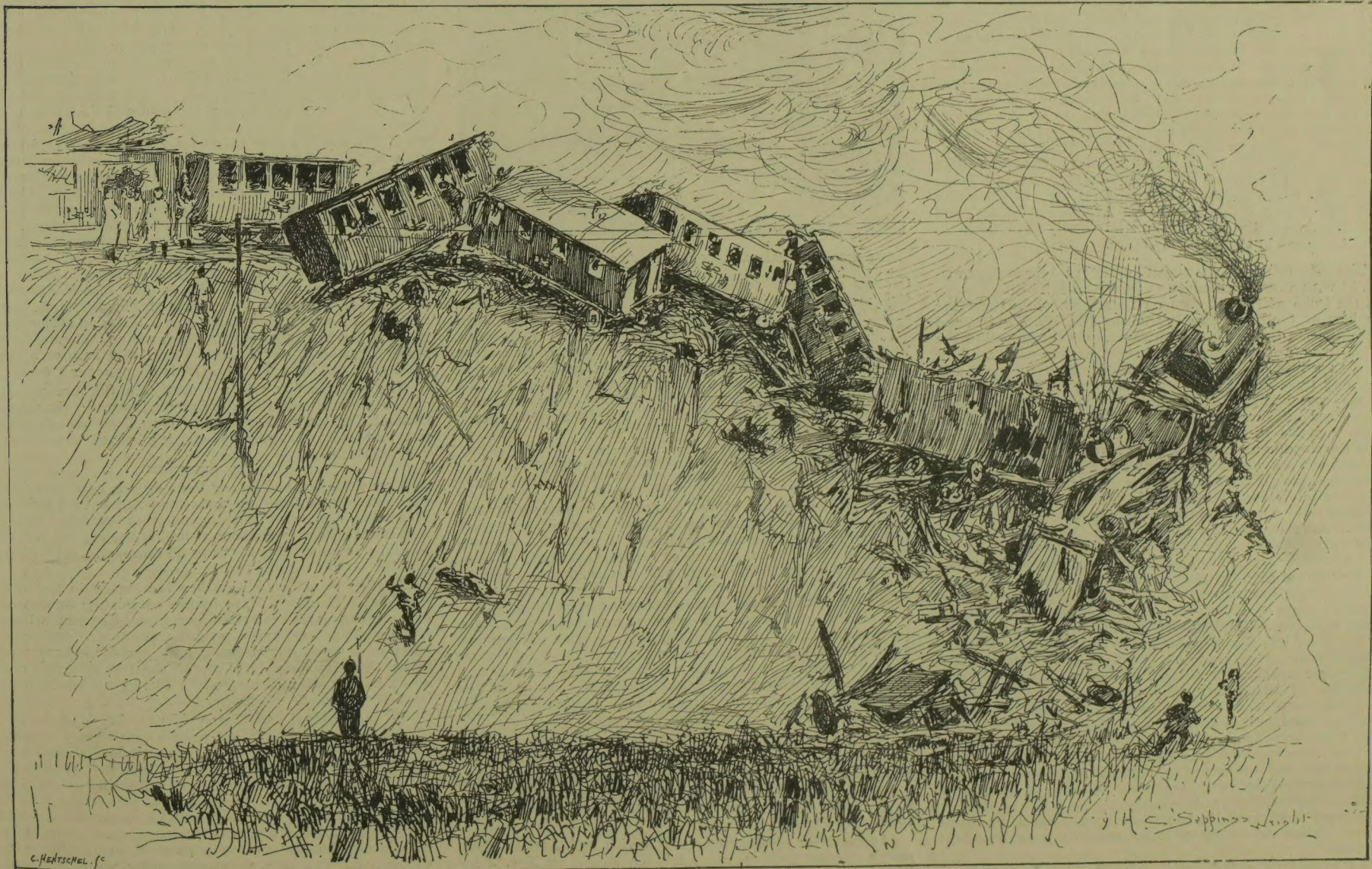
COLONEL SIR B. BROMHEAD,
WOUNDED IN THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION.



THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION: THE STOCKADE AT GNATONG.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION: BRIGADIER-GENERAL GRAHAM AND OFFICERS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



ACCIDENT TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S TRAIN ON THE AZOV RAILWAY.
FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Nov. 6.

This is a week of *causes célèbres*. Prado is being tried at Paris and Henri Chambige at Constantine, and both cases interest the public deeply. Prado is accused of having assassinated a woman named Marie Agætan in 1886; he is the hero of the mystery of the Rue Cammartin, a sort of second Pranzini, a man of energy and violence, who has been all over the world, exercised all sorts of trades, and lost all scruples while acquiring all vices. Prado is a brute, a predestined criminal, and a consummate comedian. Yesterday, the first day of the trial, he astounded Judges and public alike by the prodigious energy of his defence, by the force of his savage eloquence, by the vehemence of his attacks upon his Judges. In truth, it was not the Bench that directed the proceedings; it was the bold adventurer called Prado, whose antecedents, history, and real name are veiled in mystery; who questioned and cross-questioned his Judges and talked and gesticulated to his heart's content, for nothing could resist his vigorous determination. The case of Henri Chambige is still more mysterious and strange: it is a drama of passion in which the rôle of the victim—a charming lady of thirty—remains unexplained and provocative of contradictory hypotheses. In January, 1888, a young man of twenty—Henri Chambige—entered a villa near Constantine with a young woman, Madame Grille. Two hours later four shots were heard. The door was forced, and the young woman was found laid on a bed which had not been disordered, with two bullets in her head and a bunch of violets on her breast. The young man lay on the floor bleeding with wounds from the other two balls. Henri Chambige was a law student, who had written a novel, and had literary aspirations. He also possesses singular hypnotic power, and figures as a subject in one of Paul Margueritte's books. Madame Grille was a lady above reproach. What can be the key of this mystery? Whatever it may be, the victim and the hero are not commonplace.

The great event of the theatrical week has been the production of "Pepa," a new piece by MM. Meilhac and Ganderax, at the Comédie Française. The piece is rather a vaudeville than a comedy, although it contains many clever notes of the manners and ways of those Hispano-American people of wealth and leisure whom the Parisians call *rastacouères*. At the same time the principal subject of the piece is the situation of a divorced couple who determine to get remarried together after thinking for a moment of contracting each a new and independent union. It is easy to pick holes in "Pepa," and to demonstrate that it is an inferior piece; nevertheless the dialogue is so sprightly, and some of the scenes are so clever, that it constitutes a most agreeable spectacle, especially as it is played to perfection by Mlle. Febvre, Feraudy, Lebargy, and Mesdames Reichemberg and Bartet. "Pepa" is a party to see and to be seen only at the Comédie Française. If it were played by other actors it would be null.

At the very interesting semi-private Théâtre Libre a drama called "Rolande," by M. Louis De Gramont, has created quite a sensation in the literary world, both on account of the remarkable talent displayed by the author and of the extreme audacity of the subject, which turns on the irresponsible depravity of a man of the type of Baron Hulot, in Balzac's "Cousine Bette." In the way of realism on the stage this is the strongest and at the same time the most vehemently uncompromising thing we have yet seen, far beyond anything that Zola or Daudet have risked in their revolutionary pieces.

In accordance with the touching Parisian custom, the first two days of November were devoted to visiting the various cemeteries of the capital, on the occasion of the Fête of the Dead, as it is called. The number of persons who visited the ten cemeteries of the capital amounted to more than 200,000. The municipal statistics show that during 1887 there were 51,514 burials at Paris, and that the city treasury received nearly a million francs in funeral taxes and nearly 2½ millions for the sale of burying-ground in the cemeteries. It appears that the number of non-religious burials is decreasing. In 1887 they were 11,000, as compared with 11,200 in 1882.

A terrible explosion of fire-damp in a mine at Campagnac, Department of the Aveyron, has killed forty-eight miners and injured three.—M. Maurice Richard, one of the most respected and influential representatives of the Bonapartist camp, died this week at the age of fifty-six. M. Richard entered political life in 1863, and was Minister of Fine Arts in the Ollivier Cabinet in 1869.—The Eiffel tower has reached the height of 178 metres. The remaining 122 metres will be finished next January at the rate of 11 metres a week.—Paris is full of Royal and noble visitors. The Russian Grand Dukes Nicolas, Alexis, and Wladimir may be seen breakfasting every morning in a well-known restaurant in the Avenue de l'Opéra, and other members of the Russian Imperial family have taken up winter quarters in the south of France.

T. C.

The celebration of the Royal Jubilee at Athens began on Oct. 31 with a State procession to the cathedral. King George and the Duke of Sparta were on horseback, while the other members of the Royal family and the English, Russian, and Danish guests drove in Court carriages. On the arrival of the Royal party a "Te Deum" was sung, at the conclusion of which a salute of 101 guns was fired. Both in going and returning from the cathedral the King was loudly cheered by the vast crowd which had assembled. The Athens Exhibition was opened on Nov. 1 by the King, who was accompanied by Queen Olga and all the members of the Royal family, as well as by the Royal guests now staying here. The ceremony was conducted with much pomp, and the Exhibition affords evidence of the great development and progress of the industrial arts in Greece. The Royal fêtes concluded on the 3rd with a general illumination at Athens and a display of fireworks. King George has conferred the Order of the Grand Cross on the Envoys who have brought him congratulations from foreign Courts. The King and Queen and the members of the Royal family, together with a number of other guests, were entertained at luncheon on the 5th by the Duke of Edinburgh on board the Alexandra, the flag-ship of the Mediterranean Squadron. The Duke left with the squadron for Malta on the 7th; but the Duchess and Prince George of Wales remained as guests of the Greek Court for a few days longer.

The Czar and Czarina returned on Nov. 4 to St. Petersburg, the streets of which were gaily decorated. Their Majesties were enthusiastically cheered by vast crowds. It is now officially announced that, in the accident which occurred to his train, the Czar was injured on the foot and the Czarina in the hand, but they were not prevented from going about to attend to those who had received more serious injuries.—A telegram received at St. Petersburg announces the death of the famous Russian explorer, General Prjevalsky.

General Benjamin Harrison has been elected President of the United States by a large majority over President Cleveland.

A cyclone took place recently in the Madras Presidency. A steamer carrying coolies was disabled, five of the coolies being killed and several seriously injured. A train of twenty-two carriages was blown off the line, the engine alone remaining.

THE LATE SIR EDMUND HAYTHORNE.

General Sir Edmund Haythorne, K.C.B., who died on Oct. 18 at Silchester House, near Reading, was educated at Sandhurst, and entered the Army in 1837 as Ensign in the 98th Regiment. He was with the expedition to the north of China in 1842, including the operations in the Yang-tse-Kiang, the attack and capture of Chin-kiang-foo, and the operations before Nankin. He served as Brigade-Major to the Chusan Field-Force, and under Brigadier-General Campbell, from July, 1843, until the island was given up to the Chinese authorities. In India, he acted as Aide-de-Camp to Sir Colin Campbell, commanding the third division of the army in the Sikh War of 1848-9, and was present at the passage of the Chenab and the battles of Sadoolapore, Chillianwallah, and Goozerat, and in the pursuit of the Afghans to the Khyber Pass. In 1850, as Major, commanding flank companies of the 98th Regiment, he was present at the forcing of the Kohat Pass, under Sir Charles Napier. During this service he commanded a detached column for the reduction of two villages and towers. In 1851, as Aide-de-Camp to Sir Colin Campbell, he was present at the operations against the Momund tribe on the North-West Frontier. In 1855 he proceeded to the Crimea with drafts and took command of the 1st Battalion Royal Regiment at the siege of Sebastopol, afterwards serving as Assistant Adjutant-General of the Highland Division until the evacuation of the Crimea. In 1859, when in command of the garrison of Hong-Kong, he was Chief of the Staff of the army for service in the north of China, and had the sole responsibility of the organisation of this force until the arrival of Lieutenant-General Sir Hope Grant. The rank of K.C.B. was conferred on him in 1873. His services, which had several times been mentioned in despatches, were specially recognised by Lord Herbert, Secretary of State for War, in proposing a vote of thanks to the troops in the House of Lords. He was Adjutant-General of the British forces in India from May, 1860, to February, 1863, when he became Adjutant-General of the Army, which office he held till November, 1865; and was instrumental in carrying out the reorganisation and amalgamation of the Indian Army, which was effected during that period. His name is several times mentioned in the "Life of Lord Clyde," who had great esteem and affection for him. Several of his comrades-in-arms attended his funeral, amongst whom were General Sir Donald Stewart, Bart., General Sir Martin Dillon, K.C.B., and General Ravenhill, R.A.

THE MONTROSE MEMORIAL, EDINBURGH.

This monument has been erected in the cathedral of St. Giles, at Edinburgh, in memory of the "Great Marquis of Montrose," who was executed on May 21, 1650. The Clan



THE MONTROSE MEMORIAL IN ST. GILES'S CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

Graham and their friends have subscribed the money for the memorial, which cost £1100. Dr. Rowand Anderson, F.R.I.B.A., was the designer of the work; and Messrs. J. and W. B. Rhind, of St. Helen's, Cambridge-street, Edinburgh, were the sculptors. Their recumbent figure, in white marble, of the Marquis in armour, and bearing a bronze sword grasped in his right hand, forms a dignified composition, resting on a black marble bier which rises from the sarcophagus, mounted on a pedestal. The central panel of the frieze of the sarcophagus is thus inscribed:—

Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air,
Lord, since Thou knowest where all these atoms are;
I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just.

The principal feature of the design is a semi-circular arch, deeply recessed, and flanked by two Corinthian pillars in black and gold marble, with alabaster bases and caps. The wreaths in the middle of the columns are also of alabaster. These piers carry a frieze, entablature, and cornice, crowned by boys supporting shields over the columns. Floral wreaths and panels enrich the frieze. Rising over the cornice in the middle is a central panel within a columned and pedimented niche, quartered with the full coat of the Graham arms. The arched recess behind the monument proper is divided into three panels, formed with alabaster mouldings, with a sculptured inscription in the centre compartment. The width of the composition is 9 ft., and the height 16 ft. The style chosen is the Renaissance of the seventeenth century.

The directors of the Gaslight and Coke Company have resolved from and after Jan. 1 next to reduce the price of gas to private consumers on the north side of the Thames to 2s. 6d. per 1000 cubic feet for common gas, and to 3s. 1d. per 1000 cubic feet for cannel gas.

Amongst the passengers by the British and African Company's steamer Calabar, which left the Mersey on Nov. 3 for the West Coast of Africa, was Bishop Crowther, well known on the coast for his missionary and other work, principally in the Niger district. Bishop Crowther, who is an African native, is an octogenarian.

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT TO THE CZAR.

A Russian officer, who was an eye-witness of the perilous accident on the Azov Railway, between Taranovka and Borki, on Oct. 29, by which the lives of the Emperor Alexander III. and the Empress were greatly endangered, sends us a Sketch of the Imperial train breaking up and falling off the embankment. It happened at noon, when the train was approaching the Borki station. The train was drawn by two engines, and was composed of several carriages, besides the Imperial saloon carriage, which was of massive construction. There is a steep incline, down which the Imperial train travelled at a moderate pace; but it seems certain that the disaster was due to the bad state of the line. The railway officials had superficially repaired the line, instead of replacing some worn rails by new ones, and the existing rails were not strong enough to support the weight of the locomotives and large saloon carriages. It was the carriage in which the Minister of Roads was travelling that ran off the line. The Czar and Czarina and all their children, except the Grand Duchess Olga, were in the Imperial saloon-carriage. The Emperor was just about to take coffee, which had been handed to him by a footman. The latter was killed, likewise the dog, which was lying at his Majesty's feet. The flooring of the carriage collapsed, and all the occupants were precipitated on to the ground. Fortunately, the train stopped immediately, its speed being only about twenty-six miles an hour. The Grand Duchess Olga, who happened to be in the next carriage, which was overturned, was thrown out to a distance of several yards without being hurt. Tears stood in the Czar's eyes when he found his entire family were safe. He and the Empress lost no time in helping the wounded. The Director of the Caucasian Railways, M. Aleunikoff, who was to have been dismissed on account of the disaster, is reported to have shot himself in his office, leaving a letter addressed to the Emperor Alexander. The persons killed were Captain Bresch, Staff-Captain in the courier service, a physician, a secretary, and another official, two couriers, a chamber Cossack, a Chasseur, five railway servants, and six soldiers of the Railway Battalion. Eighteen other persons were injured. Baron Stjernval, Chief Inspector of Railways, received a severe shock. The Emperor has ordered provision to be made for the families of those killed and injured. Their Majesties continued their journey next day, arriving at Charkov on Oct. 31, where they visited the patients in the hospital; thence proceeding to Moscow, and reaching Gatchina, their home near St. Petersburg, in safety.

THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION.

The brief history of the expedition successfully conducted by Colonel W. Graham (Brigadier-General) from the Sikkim territory in the Himalayas, north of Darjeeling, over the lofty mountain passes of the Thibet frontier to Chumbi, has been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The hostile Thibetans were speedily driven from those passes, at Tukola and Nimla, at Jalapla and Pemberingo, in about a week's marching and fighting, towards the end of September; and, little show of defence being offered at Rinchingong, on the eastern side of the mountain range, Chumbi, the Thibetan residence of the Rajah of Sikkim, was speedily occupied. The force then returned to Gnatong, the newly-constructed fort in Sikkim, where the Rajah—who had not been hostile, but had been under apparent compulsion as a vassal of the Lamas of Thibet, though he owes equal allegiance to the British Indian Government—soon arrived to declare his loyalty; and the Chinese Envoys in Thibet undertook to bring the Lamas to terms of peace and amity. The fighting on Sept. 23, when General Graham attacked the enemy's position, defended by 7000 or 8000 men behind a wall, on the Tukola Ridge, was the principal engagement. Four guns, three companies of the Derbyshire, and most of the Ghoorkas formed the left wing, where the main attack was intended. Colonel Sir Benjamin Bromhead, Bart., with 300 Pioneers, formed the centre; and the remainder of the Pioneers, with their two guns and G Company of the Derbyshire, the right wing. It was a stiff climb up the hill. The Pioneers and Ghoorkas behaved capitally, and it was a very pretty sight to see them advancing. The Thibetans, however, did not wait until they got to close quarters, but abandoned the wall and fled across the open towards the Nimla Ridge. The pursuit was carried on as far as the Nimla Ridge; the road was strewn with killed and wounded, shot down as they were running away. Colonel Sir B. Bromhead, armed only with a walking-stick, jumped off his pony and called on two Thibetans to surrender. Instead of doing so they attacked him with swords, nearly severing his right wrist, and slashing his right arm and leg. The hand has been amputated at the wrist, and the elbow joint of the right arm has been taken out. This gallant officer, whose Portrait we give, served with high credit in the Afghan War, and has been, since 1885, a Lieutenant-Colonel on the Bengal Staff Corps, and in command of the 32nd Bengal Native Infantry. He is the fourth Baronet of an ancient family, the Bromheads of Thurlby Hall, Lincolnshire, near Newark; his father was a Waterloo officer, and his grandfather, Sir Gonville Bromhead, was a Lieutenant-General. Major Bromhead, of "Rorke's Drift," the hero of a famous incident in the Zulu War of 1879, is his younger brother.

The photographs taken recently in Sikkim, which are copied in our Illustrations, have some interest; one represents General Graham with several of his officers seated, and with men of the Royal Artillery standing behind; the other is a view of Gnatong.

Messrs. Marion and Co., of Soho-square, have just brought out a new hand or defective photo-camera invented by McKellen. The novel feature of this ingenious instrument is that the user can, at the very moment of taking the picture, see exactly what he is going to get. Thus all disappointment or error is avoided.

Another valuable addition has been made to the effective strength of the Royal Navy by the completion for sea of the new armour-plated cruiser *Immortalité*. She has a displacement of 5000 tons, and is armed with two 22-ton guns, ten 5-ton guns, sixteen quick-firing guns, and Whitehead torpedo-tubes. The *Immortalité* is one of the fastest armed cruisers afloat, having attained a speed of 19½ knots per hour at her trial off Sheerness.

In compliment to Baron Henry De Worms for his endeavours to abolish the foreign sugar-bounty system, he was recently entertained by the sugar-trade of Greenock in the Townhall Saloon, Provost Binnie, of Gourcock, presiding. In the evening of the same day a public meeting was held in the Townhall, when a handsome casket was presented to the Baron by the Corporation. On the front of the casket is a view of the Municipal Buildings, with arms and monogram of Baron De Worms; on the back is a view of sugar-refining by the vacuum-pan, and of a sugar-cane mill; and on the ends are views of Custom House Quay and Prince's Pier. The casket was manufactured by Messrs. R. and W. Sorley, of Glasgow; who also made the cylinder containing an address from the working-men of Greenock, presented at the same meeting.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

With the Marquis of Salisbury smiling like Father Christmas as he entered the House of Lords, red despatch-box under his arm, the Ministry may be said to have resumed their Parliamentary labours cheerfully enough on Tuesday, the Sixth of November. There was the customary ripple of self-satisfaction round the plump cherubic face of the Lord Chancellor. With Lord Cross and Lord Cranbrook (fresh from unveiling the white marble statue of the late Earl of Idlesleigh in the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament), the Duke of Rutland and Earl Cadogan, and one or two other Ministers on the Ministerial bench near the Prime Minister, the Government put a bold front to the Opposition. Deserted and lonely, indeed, looked the shadowy figure of Earl Granville in the centre of the front Opposition bench. Their Lordships, having met, found there was little business to detain them, and arranged to meet for the remainder of the Session on Tuesdays only.

Lord Salisbury adroitly and discreetly avoided comment on Lord Sackville's slip by briefly referring Lord Granville to the papers on this diplomatic storm in a tea-cup. The noble Marquis spoke out boldly regarding the question of joint action with Germany on the east coast of Africa. The Earl of Harrowby seemed desirous that the ill odour incurred by the German settlers in their conflicts with the natives should not extend to Englishmen; and the Bishop of Carlisle hoped that any contemplated action on the part of the Government would not injuriously affect the University Mission in that quarter of Africa. Lord Salisbury pretty soon showed that he was in fine voice. He spoke with accustomed clearness of style and distinctness of delivery. It was with a view to firmly grapple with the reviving Slave Trade, and to extinguish that deplorable traffic, he explained, that her Majesty's Government had decided to join hands with Germany in a strong endeavour to suppress it, the co-operation of England being limited to naval action. It is to be hoped, however, that in the event of any collateral advantages being within reach, the German "elephant" will not leave the English "whale" in the lurch.

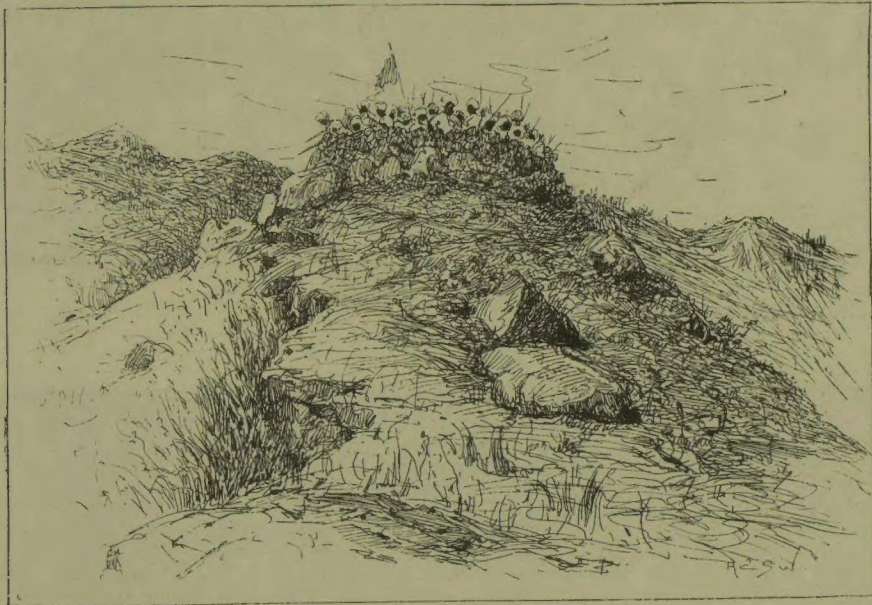
Mr. Gladstone, conspicuous by his absence from the front Opposition bench of the House of Commons on the Sixth of November, was nevertheless more prominently before the public than any other statesman. The right hon. gentleman, hale, erect, and hearty, lightly bore the weight of his seventy-eight years, and set out with Mrs. Gladstone from Hawarden Castle, the previous day, to pay his promised visit to Birmingham. Mr. Gladstone, who met with an enthusiastic

THE DURHAM COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AT NEWCASTLE.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on Monday, Nov. 5, visited Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to open the first-erected portion of a building for the Durham College of Science. This institution, representing the faculties of science and engineering in the University of Durham, is designed for the educational service of the North of England—comprising Northumberland and Durham, Cumberland, most of Westmorland, and the Cleveland district. It is established at Newcastle, as the commercial centre of the mining and manufacturing district, and in a convenient local situation between that of the University Colleges at Leeds, Manchester, and Liverpool, to the south and south-west, and that of Edinburgh and Glasgow, to the north and north-west. It is an incorporated body, with numerous Governors and a Council, of which the Warden of Durham University, the Very Rev. Dean Lake, is President; Lord Armstrong, Sir Lowthian Bell, and other well-known persons, are members of the Council. The College provides teaching in literary and classical studies for the Arts Faculty of the University, as well as complete courses of instruction in mathematics, physics, chemistry, electricity, mechanics, geology, natural history, mining, engineering, metallurgy, and some branches of technical instruction, but not to supersede workshop training in the use of tools. Its students will alone be eligible to the science degrees of the University and diplomas in engineering. The Principal of the college is Dr. W. Garnett, Professor of Mathematics. The accommodation in the buildings of the Institute and Coal Trade Chambers, at the Wood Memorial Hall, and in the College of Medicine, has been found very inadequate. A plot of six acres was therefore obtained, at Lax's-gardens, near the end of Northumberland-street, between Barras Bridge and Castle Leazes, towards Jesmond, within three-quarters of a mile of the Central Railway Station. Two acres of this land are to be occupied by the college premises, while the remainder will have a high commercial value. Mr. Robert J. Johnson, of Newcastle, is the architect of the buildings, which have been carefully designed after inspecting, with the Principal and other professors, many colleges of the same kind. The wing that has already been built, at a cost of £23,000, is about one-third of the intended buildings. Externally, it is of the English Jacobean style of architecture, partaking in some features of the Tudor style; the front towards the Leazes will be rather more ornate, with a row of pilasters, tall bay-windows surmounted by gables, and a triple-arched portico,

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It was scarcely to be expected that there would be no regrets, no comparisons, or sighs, remembering what has been when the Gaiety reopened for its annual burlesque season. Playgoers are loyal as a body, they stick fast to their old friends, and it was not surprising that Miss E. Farren should be sorely missed, since she was absent from her accustomed post for the first time for twenty years. Think of that! Miss Farren helped to open the Gaiety in the year 1868, and here she has been dancing, singing, and winning new admirers ever since. Mr. George Edwardes, like a careful manager, did his utmost to provide a pleasant party. He could not give us the sparkle of a Farren, or the humour of a Leslie, or the grace of a Sylvia Grey or Letty Lind; but he gave "the boys" instead Miss Florence St. John, the very best singer on the lighter operatic stage, and an excellent actress into the bargain. He promoted the energetic Mr. Lonnen to the first comedian's place. He showed us one of the prettiest and neatest burlesque actresses of recent times in Miss Jennie McNulty, who abjures the vulgarities and coarse methods of the modern music-hall school, and reminds one of the departed days of Marie Wilton and her Strand companions. And what with Mr. Stone, a new-comer called Fanny Robina, and three or four clever girls who will dance themselves into favour some day, a very fair compromise was made. The subject of the burlesque was as old as the hills. Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt played a safe card with the eternal Faust. It, at any rate, saved the audience the trouble of unravelling the mystery of the story; the danger was that if it was proved that the Gaiety "boys" knew the Frankenstein legend too little there was just the chance that they might know that of "Faust" too well. But both authors are experienced in stagecraft. It would be difficult for them to make a mistake. Mr. Sims can rhyme as well as Orlando, Rosalind, Touchstone, and Antolycus combined. Versification is with him a natural gift; and if some regrets are expressed that the story of "Faust" is played very low down—to the life of bar maids and bookmakers—it may be presumed that so experienced an author has studied and understands his audience. The young gentlemen in the stalls who stand up and shriek like the wildest and most untutored gallery boys at Drury-Lane at pantomime time, and who, disguised in evening dress, imitate the manners of the cheery lads in shirt-sleeves, have clearly no wish for an entertainment of a very advanced kind. Gretchen as a barmaid, and a running fire of sporting slang, are good enough for such patrons of the play. So the burlesque went as well as was expected.



BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION: MANAKI DANA, WHERE THE ENEMY MADE THEIR FIRST STAND.



CHARGE OF NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS AND 3RD SIKHS DOWN THE LUNDHA SPUR.

reception from the populace that thronged the streets, opened his oratorical campaign the same day in the Birmingham Townhall, and struck a sympathetic keynote when he heartily expressed the hope that Mr. John Bright would soon be enabled to rise from his bed of sickness, and be restored to health and vigour. With a dialectical skill unimpaired by his great age, Mr. Gladstone on this occasion, and in his subsequent speeches to various large audiences in Birmingham, pleaded for Irish Home Rule. He touched on other reforms; but that was the burden of his argument: Ireland; Ireland; always Ireland.

The Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, the Speaker, was, happily, in good health when he took the Chair on the Sixth of November, the day the Commons reassembled for the winter session. There was a thin attendance of members; but many familiar faces, imbued with health, were to be seen. The Recess had evidently braced Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Goschen, Mr. Henry Matthews and Mr. Edward Stanhope, Lord George Hamilton and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Raikes. Sir Richard Webster alone, when he stole in from the Parnell Commission, and joined his colleagues on the Treasury bench, looked pale and worn. In pallor, Sir Charles Russell almost equalled Sir Richard on the front Opposition bench, whereon were presently to be also noted the Marquis of Hartington, flanked by Mr. C. R. Spencer instead of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain (away on a connubial trip to America, *on dit*); Sir William Harcourt, beaming from Birmingham, Mr. Arnold Morley, and Mr. Stansfeld. It was pleasant to see Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Hanbury, Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Dillwyn, Mr. Henry Labouchere, and Mr. Bradlaugh likewise in their places. Mr. H. W. Cross having taken his seat as the new member for the West Derby Division of Liverpool, the Speaker read letters announcing the imprisonment in Ireland of Mr. O'Kelly and Messrs. W. and J. Redmond. The First Lord of the Treasury then so far resolved himself into a counterfeit presentment of Oliver Twist that he asked for "more" in the shape of "Supply." In Committee, various members of the Ministry and of the Opposition had full opportunity of demonstrating the benefits they had derived from their holidays, and defended and criticised the estimates with ability. And thus wags the world of Parliament.

I may add that the Prime Minister lost no time in laying on the table the papers referring to the Sackville incident; and that the Report of the Royal Commission on the Metropolitan Board of Works censures Mr. Fowler and Mr. Saunders for the malpractices revealed; but, at the same time, recognises the valuable services the Board, as a whole, had rendered to London. Neither the deponent nor anyone else knows when the Parnell Commission will be in a position to deliver their report.

and a tower. The present block of buildings contain the physical laboratory, the electricity testing-room and preparation-room, the lecture-theatre for physics and mathematics, an advanced lecture-room, and various subsidiary apartments, constructed on the most advantageous plan.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

The news to the end of October from the expedition against the hostile league of tribes in the mountains above Hazara, on the northern frontier of the Punjab, shows that nearly all of them had been forced to submit, and to pay the fines imposed upon them. On the 28th, a detachment under General Channer entered Thakot. The road was less difficult than had been anticipated, and there was no opposition, keeping the promise made by the mountaineers to their Moollah; so the British force only paraded through the villages, the pipers of the Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs, the Duke of Albany's) leading. They encamped at Dora, the first village on the return journey, belonging to a river tribe of Thakotees living near the Indus, here about 150 yards broad. Sharp firing was opened in the afternoon behind some rocks. Next day the force returned to Seral, as previously arranged, after burning Dora and destroying with guns the town on the opposite side of the river, to punish the unprovoked attack. The rear-guard was followed up by the enemy. On the 30th, the detachment retired farther, rejoining the column at Maidan, preparatory to an advance against the Aliwals, unless their submission be made by Nov. 13. But this tribe has sent a deputation to General McQueen asking for peace, and the expedition began to return on Nov. 5.

We have received from Captain F. C. Carter, field intelligence officer with the first column of the Hazara Field-Force, some further Sketches, which we now present; one is that of the men of the 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, numbering about sixty, and forty men of the 3rd Sikhs, on Oct. 6, charging the enemy down the Lundha spur of the mountain, after the capture of Doda. The enemy, who numbered about 300, skirmished in splendid style after their charge was repulsed. They lost twelve killed and about thirty wounded. The loss on our side was two wounded. "One of our gallant foes," says Captain Carter, "met his death by a Martini-Henry bullet in the act of trying to carry off a wounded comrade under fire." The other Sketch is that of the hillock at Manaki Dana, where the enemy made their first stand; to the left-hand, in the background, the Chittabut Peak rises 9000 ft. high; to the right, along the ridge of hills, the enemy are seen advancing from Bilandkote and Trund. They were dislodged from this position by shell fire.

"THE MONK'S ROOM."

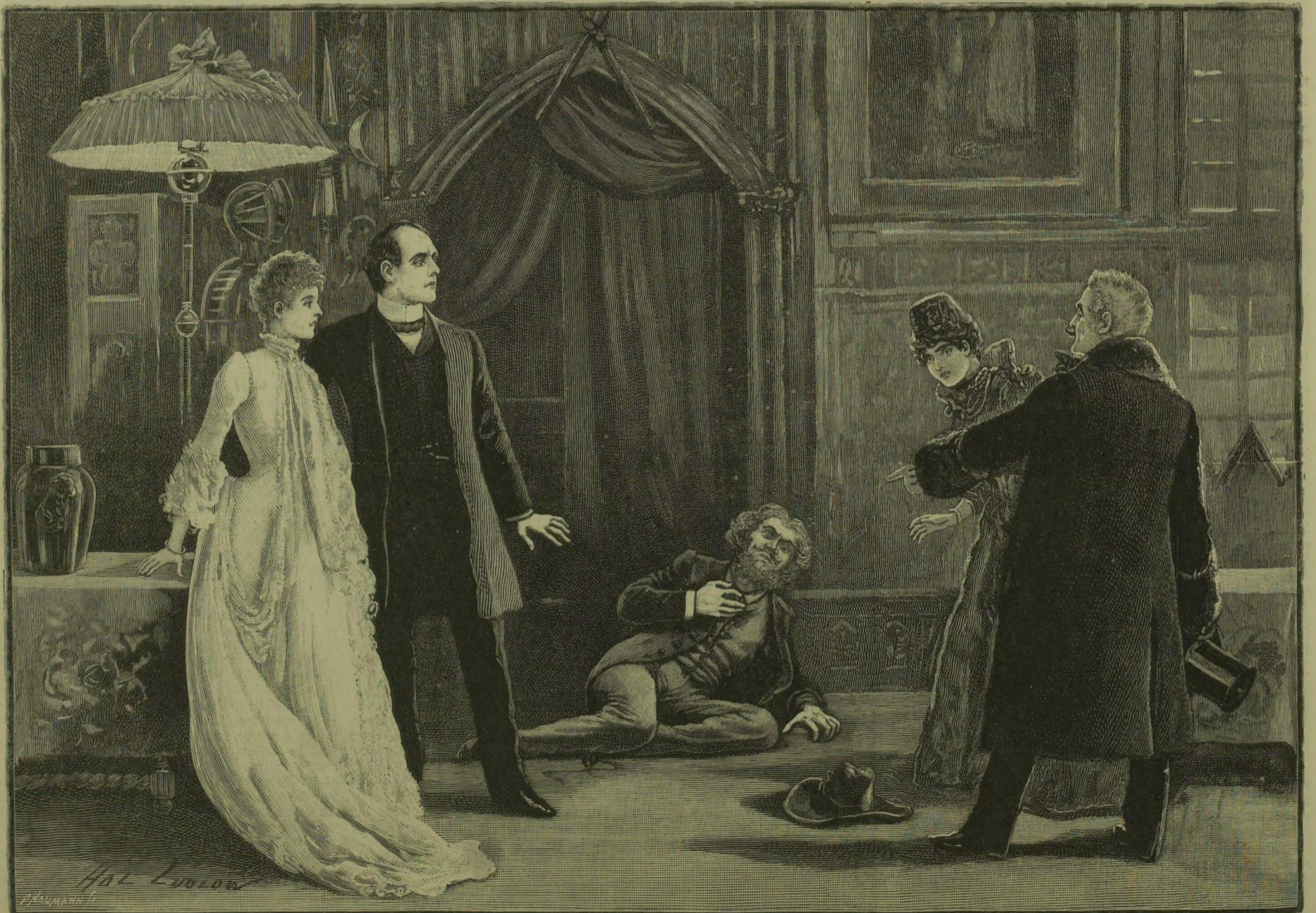
When the theatre-goer is sated with a round of thrilling melodrama, diverting farcical comedy, and more or less comic opera and burlesque, a welcome change of dramatic diet may be found at the Globe Theatre. Though the menu may be drawn up on somewhat old-fashioned lines, there is a "grip," there's a power in Mr. John Lart's ragout of "The Monk's Room" that is eminently satisfying to the palate. This weird play has the advantage of being enacted by an exceedingly strong company, including that admirable artist, Mr. E. S. Willard, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Miss Alma Murray, Miss Marion Lea, and Mr. Ivan Watson. These form the effective closing tableau our Artist has chosen for illustration. It is a tragic story that is set forth in "The Monk's Room." Returning to this gloomy, mystic chamber after many years of absence abroad, Sir Darrell Erne (Mr. Willard) soon realises that, in the words of Hood (quoted in the playbill):—

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

It is haunted indeed! In an old oak chest here Sir Darrell's grandfather had deposited a woman he had murdered, an ancient servitor, Jabez Kulp, alone sharing the dead secret; and the legend goes, according to lugubrious Jabez, that the tragedy may be repeated. Left alone with this comforting assurance, Sir Darrell Erne is in no mood to be confronted in this dismal room with the evil genius of his life, the wife who had striven to betray him, a Russian Nihilist beauty by the name of Clotilde (Miss Marion Lea). They quarrel. She snatches up the knife that had been murderously used by Sir Darrell's respected relative. In the struggle Clotilde unwittingly stabs herself. Obviously, no handier place than the aforesaid oaken chest as a hiding-place for her body. Clotilde is no sooner dropped therein than a change takes place in the ancestral portrait above, and Sir Darrell stands aghast at the sight of what he believes to be the reproving look on "the Monk's" face sternly regarding him. Now, the key of the play is that Sir Darrell is persecuted by an inflexible Nihilist, Conrad Lazanski (Mr. H. Vezin), the confederate of Clotilde; and that this Lazanski uses the secret he knows Sir Darrell would guard from the world to wreck his connubial happiness, break the heart of his faithful young wife (Miss Alma Murray), and thus complete his revenge. The scene depicted shows how the wily conspirator is defeated in the end by the opportune appearance of a Russian nobleman, Count Zoroff (Mr. Ivan Watson) in company with Clotilde, who survived her injuries; and who turns out to have been married before she was espoused to Sir Darrell. Whilst Lazanski falls to the ground, dying from heart disease, Sir Darrell Erne and his young wife learn with relief that their clouds have rolled by at last.



THE DURHAM COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



Lady and Sir Darrell Erne
(Miss Alma Murray and Mr. Willard).

Conrad Lazanski
(Mr. Hermann Vezin).

Clotilde and Count Zoroff
(Miss Marion Lea and Mr. Ivan Watson).

SCENE FROM "THE MONK'S ROOM" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.



"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE."—DRAWN BY G. E. ROBERTSON.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

Nineteenth Century.—The alleged baneful effects of competitive prize examinations on education at schools and colleges and at the Universities have elicited an argumentative protest, filling five pages, with fourteen pages of signatures, many being those of eminent physicians and surgeons; with a petition to the Queen for a Royal Commission of Inquiry, and a request that the authorities of Oxford and Cambridge and other Universities, and the head-masters of public and endowed schools, may also set on foot an inquiry into this subject. Professor Max Müller, Professor E. A. Freeman, and Mr. Frederic Harrison contribute forcible statements of their opinions adverse to the present examination system. In opposition to another educational project or tendency of this day, that of giving technical instruction in specific trades and industries in the popular schools, Lord Armstrong has written a second paper, replying to Sir Lyon Playfair. The recent progress of architectural design with reference to the public buildings at Westminster is reviewed by Mr. Shaw Lefevre. "A Scheme for the Unemployed," put forward by the Rev. S. A. Barnett, of Whitechapel, is that of sending destitute able-bodied men, who cannot get work in London, to labour for some months on a training-farm, established and managed by the Poor-Law guardians, with a view to agricultural emigration. Mr. Gladstone furnishes to the student of English history a minute analysis of Queen Elizabeth's acts of legislation and administration regarding the Church Establishment; but his concluding hint, that this part of our national institutions may perhaps be "assailable enough," is calculated to rouse fresh political alarms. Mr. "Montague Crackenthorpe," a gentleman not seeking to disguise his identity, recommends the complete amalgamation of Conservatives and Hartington Liberals in a solid Unionist party. The other articles are by Mr. R. E. Prothero, on the late Emperor Frederick and "the New Germany," by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, on the memoirs of a Comte de Brienne, who saw much of Cardinal Mazarin and of the early part of the reign of Louis XIV.; by Dr. Villiers Stanford, a reply to certain rude attacks on Wagner, the musical and dramatic composer; and by Mr. W. L. Rees, a friend of the deposed King Malietoa, of Samoa, bringing grievous accusations against the official agents of the German Empire in their conduct towards that unfortunate native monarch. Certainly, if the French had anywhere in the Pacific islands behaved with such apparent treachery and high-handed violence, we should have heard loud expressions of indignation; but "one man may steal a horse, while another may not look over the hedge."

Contemporary Review.—The published fragments of the late Emperor Frederick's diary, written by him when Crown Prince of Prussia during the French war, are examined by Mr. Archibald Forbes, with a view to disprove the notion that he was the originator of the project of the German Empire, which Mr. Forbes believes, we think rightly, to have been a cherished idea of the Crown Prince's father, King William, from the beginning of his reign in Prussia, confirmed by the victory over Austria in 1866. Dr. R. W. Dale's impressions of Australia, which he recently visited on behalf of the Congregational Union, are very bright and pleasant. The report of the Commission on Elementary Education is discussed by the Rev. Canon Gregory, with a moderate restatement of the claims of schools established by voluntary efforts in which there is definite religious teaching. Sir Robert Ball, an eminent Dublin professor of astronomical and physical science, describes the tremendous volcanic eruption of Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda, five years ago. "The Religious Novel," by the Very Rev. Dr. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, is a tardy and not very effective deprecation of "Robert Elsmere." Mr. Albert Shaw explains the financial and political position of the tariff question in the United States. A weighty, learned, and comprehensive essay by the Rev. Principal Fairbairn, dealing with a vital theme of theological history, "The Genesis of the Puritan Ideal," will command the attention of earnest thinkers on religious questions. The account which Mr. J. Theodore Bent gives us of a Turkish gentleman, Hamdi Bey, Director of the Museum at Constantinople, a man of European education, an artist and an enthusiastic archaeologist, has a piquant air of novelty, in contrast with common notions of the hidebound Turkish mind. If anybody still wants materials for the dreary controversy on the Irish Land Question, the statistical labours of Archbishop Walsh may serve a political purpose.

National Review.—Remedies for the evils of the "sweating system" in the manual industries of the East-End of London are discussed by Mr. Arthur Baumann, M.P., who advocates restrictions on foreign immigrants, factory inspection of all workshops, and sanitary regulations, which by transferring much of the work to country villages, would relieve the pressure in London. Mr. James Munro discourses of deer-shooting in Scotland. The sectarian violence of some Welsh newspapers is complained of by Mr. Edmund Vincent. A French estimate of Lord Randolph Churchill is translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Two medical men, Dr. Roy and Mr. Adami, jointly defend the wearing of stays and waist-belts, in the paper read before the British Association and here printed. The Rev. Dr. F. G. Lee relates the history of aid given in England to the exiled French clergy. Mr. W. Seton Karr censures the Indian Government of Lord Ripon for its dealings with grants for ecclesiastical purposes. "The Oratory of the House of Commons" is rather feebly satirised by Mr. C. W. Radcliffe-Cooke, M.P., whose parliamentary experience is not very old. Mr. E. Salmon enlarges on the benefit that might be gained by making the theatre an instrument of good moral teaching for the people. The revenue and expenditure of the University of Cambridge are analysed by the Rev. Professor G. F. Browne, who has met persons in society marvellously ignorant of this matter, one believing that the Universities and Colleges have about £300 a year of revenue for each undergraduate! but what was said may have been misunderstood.

Fortnightly Review.—No question concerning the administration of our national affairs is now more urgent than "What our Navy should be?" Three high authorities, Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds, Admiral Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, and Admiral Lord Alcester, here deliver their testimony, declaring that, in case of war, we could neither blockade the French ports nor protect our maritime trade; that we need thirty new ironclads, 250 more fast cruisers, and a large number of smaller vessels, with 5000 more sailors and as many Royal Marine Artillery, and great enlargement of naval docks. Meantime, let us avoid quarrelling with France. The Rev. Canon Taylor follows up his criticism of the management of the Church Missionary Society by contrasting the scale of its financial expenditure, and the work done for it, with the vastly greater efficiency of the results obtained by the Universities Mission to Central Africa at a much smaller cost. "Where is Stanley?" is the question on which Mr. H. Johnston, who has been up the Congo with Stanley, writes in a hopeful strain, believing that Stanley has for months past been sojourning with Emin Pasha, and suggesting the likelihood of his returning westward through Darfur and

Wadai to the Niger. Mr. William Morris discourses on the revival of artistic handicraft as an element of social reform. Lord Compton relates a visit to the ruins of Palmyra, dwelling on the romantic history of Queen Zenobia's fall. The actual performances of British official skill and integrity in the internal improvement of Egypt since 1883 are precisely indicated by an anonymous writer. Mr. Frederic Harrison's earnest and reverent explanation of the religious sentiments which he finds compatible with the Positivist mode of thought cannot but enhance our personal esteem for him, though readers who commend his spirit may still consider his views to be erroneous or inadequate to solve the problem of the spiritual life. The recent severe criticism of Mr. Rider Haggard's romances is smartly vindicated by its writer against the "ipse dixit" of Mr. Andrew Lang.

Blackwood's Magazine.—The story of "A Stiff-necked Generation" reaches its thirty-third chapter; we shall soon read it in three volumes. Mrs. Oliphant is evidently the author of "On the Dark Mountains," a solemn and pathetic religious prose-poem, in which "The Little Pilgrim" is again introduced. A memoir, or the review of a biography, of the late Major-General Sir Charles MacGregor does ample justice to his merits as a good soldier and practical adviser of military affairs on the Indian frontier. The administration and discipline of female convict prisons, described by an official visitor, but in a spirit of sympathetic compassion, are the subject of an article called "Scenes from a Silent World." Mr. W. W. Story's poem, "The Death of Antony," is the imaginary address of the dying Roman to Cleopatra; but it is not an excellent specimen of poetry. "Professions for Dogs" is a curious title; but Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming justifies its use by her account of the different special crafts and employments to which the various kinds of those useful animals have been trained: as hunters, as house-guards, as kitchen turnspits, as shepherds' assistants, as drawers of carts, as smugglers, as military sentinels, as carriers of letters, as trackers of criminals, and in the police service. "On the Wallaby Track" is, of course, a tale of adventures in the Australian Bush. An interesting study of antiquarian topography is presented in Mr. John Russell's description of the "Catrail," or Picts' Wark Ditch, running from Gala Water, on Tweedside, to Peel Fell on the Cheviots, and supposed to have been constructed by the Picts after the Roman garrison withdrew from Britain early in the fifth century. There is a review of Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of the late Principal Tulloch."

Murray's Magazine.—Sir Charles Warren, the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, rather haughtily lectures the inhabitants of London, and especially the London Press, on their alternate needless panics at the failure to detect the perpetrators of hideous crimes, and apprehensions of some defect in the existing police organisation, contrasted with fits of applause for the occasional examples of signal bravery and loyalty characteristic of policemen as a class of public servants. These sentiments, however, may be reconciled more easily than he seems to think by considering, as many do, that the defect to be remedied lies in the detective staff or in its methods of procedure; and his minute detail of the legal powers and ordinary duties of his force, much of which had been set forth in the "Manual" of Mr. Howard Vincent with equal precision, does not furnish all the information that we desire on that part of the subject. The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" continues "The Reproach of Annesley." Mr. F. L. Moir, one of the managers of the African Lakes Company, pleads for British help to fight the slave-trading Arabs and their marauding native allies, whose atrocious cruelties have been abundantly exposed. "Beertown-upon-Trent," we need hardly say, is Burton, and here is a striking description of the great beer manufacture of that town. Mr. A. M. Wakefield, relating the early history of English music, treats of the old carols. There is a short tale, "An Unexpected Visit"; several chapters of another, "A Good Old Family"; and a wise little moral essay on Hesiod's very true saying, that "the half is more than the whole."

Macmillan's Magazine.—Mr. Bret Harte's "Cressy" is continued; and Mr. W. Clark Russell commences "Marooned," which sailors' word, signifying the situation of being put ashore on a desolate island by pirates or mutineers, promises to be verified in the experiences of the gentleman embarking on board a sailing-brig to escort a young lady from London to Rio Janeiro. Mr. Arthur Benson's study of the poet Gray, and a lively critical essay on historical romances and poems, have some literary interest. "Seas and Rivers" will attract the sentimental lover of Nature. The description of Mount Pentelicus and Marathon, and Greek peasant life, has an agreeable freshness.

Longman's Magazine.—Chapters are added to Mr. D. Christie Murray's tale, "A Dangerous Catspaw." A scheme to supersede "payment by results" in Government aid of elementary schools is expounded by Mr. J. H. Yoxall. Messrs. Walter Pollock and Brander Matthews combine to produce a short tale called "Mated by Magic." Miss May Kendall's "Barbara" is a tenderly humorous picture of the mental vagaries of some academical young ladies bewildered with "higher education." Frogs and herrings are described by competent naturalists.

Time.—Church-work and church-workers are discussed by the Rev. Harry Jones, a well-known London clergyman. There are strictures on a recent article by Mr. George Moore concerning the habits of actors and actresses. Mr. Henry Jephson recommends Ireland for the sport of grouse-shooting. Two young ladies, not too young but "in their twenties," have enjoyed a walking tour in Derbyshire. "A Forgotten Corner of England," which is the peninsula of Selsey, in West Sussex, is agreeably described. "The Novelists of the Restoration," including Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Aphra Behn, may be allowed a very small niche in literary history. "Kophetua XIII." approaches its conclusion.

English Illustrated Magazine.—Mr. H. Ryland's designs to illustrate the "Morte d'Arthur," with the analytic commentary on that old romance, and Mr. A. McCormick's sketches of antiquated buildings in Southwark associated with Dickens's stories, will engage the reader's notice. "The House of the Wolf," an historical romance of the French Huguenots, and Mr. F. Marion Crawford's Roman story, "Sant' Ilario," are continued.

Cornhill Magazine.—"French Janet" and "A Life's Morning" are proceeding; there is also a short tale, "Chaloner's Best Man." "A Coach Drive at the Lakes," is a title needing no explanation. The "Notes by a Naturalist" are those of an autumn ramble over the hills of West Surrey.

Gentleman's Magazine.—"Shakespeare without End," by Mr. H. Schütz Wilson, is a gathering of a few personal details from the researches of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips. The useful St. John Ambulance Association is compared with the Crusading Order—that of Jerusalem, Cyprus, Rhodes, and Malta—from which it takes its name. The Rev. S. Baring Gould relates the tragical murder of Winckelmann, the learned German art-critic, by a robber's hand at Trieste in 1763. Mr. Alexander C. Ewald revives the reminiscences

of irregular marriages in the Fleet Prison. The great English novelist, Henry Fielding, had a sister, Sarah Fielding, of whose contributions to that kind of literature we learn something from Miss Clementina Black. Dr. A. H. Japp supplies an instructive treatise on quinine and the chinchona plant.

Temple Bar.—We have already reviewed "From Moor Isles." Mr. W. E. Norris is near putting an end to "The Rogue," and "The Ugly Miss Lorrimer" has come to her end. There are several brief tales here; an article on New York; one on Montserrat, in the West Indies, and one on the mud-bath establishment of Franzensbad, in Bohemia.

Belgravia.—This magazine is filled with stories, including the latter chapters of "Undercurrents," by the author of "Phyllis" and "Molly Bawn"; and Miss Sarah Tytler's "Blackhall Ghosts."

Woman's World.—This elegant magazine for ladies, edited by Mr. Oscar Wilde, maintains its pretensions as a journal of taste and fashion and feminine charities; but it may be doubted whether an article on Guy de Maupassant is quite in place. Mrs. Eliot-James writes of "Shopping in London"; Mrs. Fawcett, of "Women's Suffrage"; and Lady Wilde, of Irish peasant tales. Ostrich-rearing in South Africa, feather-fans, embroidery, hair-dressing, and housewifery are treated by different writers. There are many good engravings.

The Theatre.—Mr. Clement Scott's monthly review of dramatic and musical entertainments has a serviceable function to perform. It is adorned with photographs of Miss Edith Woodworth and Mr. Richard Mansfield. The editor writes a feeling personal memoir of the late Mr. J. M. Levy; there is also an account of Talma, the great French tragedian, who died in 1826.

The Century.—We are glad that American readers of this excellent magazine should have so good an account of the City Companies or Guilds of London, written by Dr. Norman Moore, warden of Bartholomew's Hospital, with illustrations by Mr. Joseph Pennell, an American artist. A portrait of Lord Nelson, the frontispiece to this number, accompanies the publication of twenty-four private letters, never before printed, which he wrote to Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge from the Baltic in 1801, before and after the bombardment of Copenhagen. The Rev. Dr. Robinson's topographical dissertation on the probable site of Calvary is based on the views of Mr. Fisher Howe, so long ago as 1871, confirmed by later examinations. The descriptions of Russian convict prisons in Siberia, and the history of the American Civil War, are continued.

Harper's Monthly.—Some of the wood-engravings are exquisitely fine in execution. The scenery of the Lower St. Lawrence is described in the first article. Mr. Theodore Child gives an account of the museum of the history of Paris, in the Hôtel Carnavalet; once the residence of Madame De Sévigné. Elk-hunting in the Rocky Mountains, the Tagus with the Portuguese boats and boatmen, the Bench and Bar at New Orleans, and the New York Real Estate Exchange, are topics sufficiently wide apart. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell end their "Journey to the Hebrides" by going round to the east coast of Scotland.

Scribner's Magazine.—In his estimate of the late Matthew Arnold's literary work, Mr. Augustine Birrell shows not an unfriendly spirit, but he disparages, more than sufficiently, the merits of that accomplished master of free-thinking criticism, while doing justice to his poetry. The late General Sheridan's narrative of his observations as a witness of the German military exploits from Gravelotte to Sedan is of some historical value; it is accompanied by a good portrait of that distinguished soldier. The everyday life and labours of railroad men in the United States are described in an article furnished with nineteen special illustrations. Mr. R. L. Stevenson contributes the first chapters of a new Scottish story, "The Master of Ballantrae," and reminiscences of his own youthful experiences at Wick, as pupil to an engineer.

"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE."

One is tempted now and then to provoke the anger of pedantic etymologists by wantonly hazarding a suggested derivation of some word that one knows to be more than questionable; it may serve as a sort of pun, which is no inapt weapon of defence against those who are too serious about trifles. Let this be the apology for boldly declaring that "sauce" and "souse" are just the same; and that to pour a bucketful of cold water over a living bird is a similar operation to the introduction of a spoonful of savoury condiment into the dish or the dinner-plate containing a portion of its flesh. The proper "sauce" for goose—not the human goose, who is often saucy enough by nature—may be determined by gastronomic art or science; we prefer apple-sauce, but that is a matter of opinion, not of "reason," like the "roasting of eggs." If anybody were minded deliberately to eat gander, instead of goose, as some have been reported to eat bull-beef—it is to be hoped with plenty of mustard—the precepts of natural equity, as between the sexes, would recommend the application of the same kind of sauce to which the goose is accustomed, or rather to which, more strictly speaking, she has to look for her final beatification and consecration to the human feast. But we are assured by a knowing poet—the author of the "Essay on Man," who might with equal wit and wisdom have written an "Essay on Goose," treating these subjects with much philosophic analogy from a moralist's point of view—that the feathered biped of the farmyard has no idea of serving or being served, with or without any sauce, for the gluttonous repast of that silly race, the "two-legged animals without feathers," who take the trouble to feed her and to fatten her as long as she lives:—

While Man exclaims, "See, all things for my use!"

"See Man for mine!" replies a pampered Goose.

We shall not pretend—being neither Pope nor moral philosopher—to decide whether the goose or the man is the greater goose, when it comes to that extreme of artificial epicurism, the manufacture and consumption of a "pâté de foie gras," one of the foolishlest things invented since the Roman's dish of nightingales' tongues. All that need be said in excuse for Sim Meeks, an Englishman of the seventeenth century, to judge from his costume, who is detected in the act of ducking a goose, or at least drenching one with the water from his ready pail, stands already patent in the humorous artist's drawing. This honest fellow keeps a stall of kitchen vegetables, the innocent produce of industrious gardening, which he is anxious to protect from the rapacious beaks of immoral and unmannerly customers of the poultry persuasion, mere Communists and Anarchists, rebelling against both Episcopalian and Presbyterian doctrine—a sort of Anabaptist professors of universal license, odious to sober Roundheads in the time of the Commonwealth. So he lifts his bucket, with the approval of his faithful partner, and gives them a cooling "souse," which will admonish them to behave more prudently, and by which, though less than "immersion," something more than "sprinkling," the original sin of their nature may for a time be chastened, if not effectually subdued. This goose, at any rate, will not say of England, with the Frenchman, "What a country, to have five hundred religions, and only one sauce!"



LADY ARTISTS AT THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

The method and practice of professional instruction for artists in Paris may now be considered the most efficacious, for intelligent and industrious students, to be found in any European city; and the high degree of technical skill, by which a number of French painters are distinguished, proves the general excellence of their training. At the same time, Sir J. E. Millais, on a recent occasion, gave a warning to some of our own art-students against being led too far in the direction of Parisian discipleship. "There is among us," he said, "a band of young men who, though English, persist in painting with a broken French accent, all of them much alike, and seemingly content to lose their identity in their imitation of French masters, whom they are constitutionally

unable to copy with justice either to themselves, or to their models." It may be true that the legitimate function of art-schools is that of teaching the processes, and not the effects, of art; but the learning of processes is the very advantage to be gained by the custom, frequent among notable French artists, of admitting pupils to their studios and allowing these to see them at work. The practice of attempting to copy great and admired works in the public Galleries may be commendable at a certain stage of the artist's education; and the noble collections in the Louvre, perhaps more abundantly than our own National Gallery, present examples suitable to form the style of a modern painter. It is one thing to learn the history of Art; another to acquire practically, by experiment, some

knowledge of the means by which its finest effects have been produced, and of the extent to which these means are still available for the uses of the present day. Descending, however, from these serious considerations, we have merely to notice the constant attendance of students at the Louvre; especially the devoted zeal of the lady students, who belong to various nationalities, and who come armed with their palettes, bundles of brushes, and mahlsticks, in a rather formidable array. They are so terribly in earnest, and have so little time to spare—many of them being dependent on scanty and precarious earnings—that small heed is taken of the niceties of feminine dress, and coquetry is banished from their deportment; but we nevertheless applaud their industrious toil.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBRON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WHITE SLAVE.



WHEN we dropped anchor in the port or road of Carlisle Bay we were boarded by a number of gentlemen, who welcomed the Captain, asked him the news, and drank with him. I meantime kept

in my cabin, knowing that I must shortly come forth; and presently I heard the boatswain's pipe, and the order to all the prisoners to come on deck. Then one knocked softly at my door. It was the Captain.

"Madam," he said, with a troubled voice, "it is not too late. Suffer me, I pray you, to enter your name as one of those who died on the voyage. It is no great deception; the villain Penne will alone be hurt by it; and I swear to take you home, and to place you until better

times with honest and Godfearing people in London."

"Oh! Sir!" I replied, "tempt me not, I pray you. Let me go forth and take my place among the rest."

He entreated me again, but finding that he could not prevail, he suffered me to come out. Yet, such was his kindness to the last that he would not place me with the rest, but caused his men to give me a chair on the quarter-deck. Then I saw that we were all to be sold. The prisoners were drawn up standing in lines, one behind the other, the men on one side and the women on the other. The hardships of the voyage had brought them so low that, what with their rags and dirt, and their dull scowls and savage faces, and their thin, pale cheeks, they presented a forbidding appearance indeed.

Three or four gentlemen (they were, I found, planters of the island) were examining them, ordering them to lift up their arms, stretch out their legs, open their mouths, and, in short, treating them like so many cattle; at which the women laughed with ribald words, but the men looked as if they would willingly, if they dared, take revenge.

"Fugh!" cried one of the planters. "Here is a goodly collection indeed! The island is like to become the dust-heap of Great Britain, where all the rubbish may be shot. Captain, how long before these bags of bones will drop to pieces? Well, sweet ladies and fair gentlemen"—he made a mock bow to the prisoners—"you are welcome. After the voyage, a little exercise will do you good. You will find the air of the fields wholesome; and the gentlewomen, I assure you, will discover that the drivers and overseers will willingly oblige any who want to dance with a skipping-rope."

There were now twenty or thirty gentlemen, all of them merchants and planters, on board, and a man stepped forward with a book and pencil in hand, who was, I perceived, the salesman.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this parcel of servants" (he called them a parcel, as if they were a bale of dry goods) "is consigned to my care by Mr. George Penne, of Bristol, their owner. They are partly from that city and partly from London, though shipped at the port of Bristol. A tedious voyage, following after a long imprisonment in Newgate and Bridewell, hath, it is true, somewhat reduced them. But there are among them, as you will find on examination, many lusty fellows and stout wenches, and I doubt not that what you buy to-day will hereafter prove good bargains. They are to be sold without reserve, and to the highest bidder. Robert Bull"—he read the first name on the list—"Robert Bull, shoplifter. Stand forth, Robert Bull."

There arose from the deck where he had been lying a poor wretch who looked as if he could hardly stand, wasted with fever and privation, his eyes hollow (yet they looked full of wicked cunning). The planters shook their heads.

"Come, gentlemen," said the salesman, "we must not judge by appearances. He is at present, no doubt, weak, but not so weak as he looks. I warrant a smart cut or two of the whip would show another man. Who bids for Robert Bull?"

He was sold after a little parley for the sum of five pounds. Then the speaker called another, naming his offence as a qualification. No pillory could be more shameful. Yet the men looked dogged and the women laughed.

The sale lasted for three or four hours, the prisoners being knocked down, as they say, for various sums, the greatest price being given for those women who were young and strong. The reason, I have been told, is that the women make better servants, endure the heat more patiently, do not commonly drink the strong spirit which destroys the men, and, though they are not so strong, do more work.

Last of all, the man called my name. "Alice Eykin, Rebel. Stand forth, Alice Eykin, Rebel."

"Do not go down among them," said the Captain. "Let them see at once that yours is no common case. Stand here."

He led me to the top of the ladder or steps which they call the companion—leading from the waist to the quarter-deck.

"Madam," he said, "it will be best to throw back your hood."

This I did, and so stood before them all bareheaded.

Oh! ye who are women of gentle nurture, think of such a thing as this: to stand exposed to the curious gaze of rough and ribald men; to be bought and sold like a horse or an ox at the fair! At first my eyes swam and I saw nothing, and should have fallen but that the Captain placed his hand upon my arm, and so I was steadied. Then my sight cleared, and I could look down upon the faces of the men below. There was no place whither I could fly and hide. It would be more shameful still (because it might make them laugh) to burst into tears. Why, I thought, why had I not accepted the Captain's offer and suffered my name to be entered as one of those who had died on the voyage and been buried in the sea?

Down in the waist the gentlemen gazed, and gasped in astonishment. It was no new thing for the planters to buy political prisoners. Oliver Cromwell sent over a shipload of Irishmen first, and another shipload of those engaged in the rising of Penraddock and Grove (among them were gentlemen, divines, and officers, of whom a few yet survived on the island). But as yet no gentlewoman at all had been sent out for political reasons. Wherefore, I suppose, they looked so

amazed, and gazed first at me and then at one another and then gasped for breath.

"Alice Eykin, gentlemen," said the salesman, who had a tongue which, as they say, ran upon wheels, "is a young gentlewoman, the daughter, I am informed, of the Rev. Comfort Eykin, Doctor of Divinity, deceased, formerly Rector of Bradford Orcas, in the county of Somerset, and some time Fellow of his college at Oxford, a very learned Divine. She hath had the misfortune to have taken part in the Monmouth Rebellion, and was one of those Maids of Taunton who gave the Duke his Flagg, as you have heard by the latest advices. Therefore, she is sent abroad for a term of ten years. Gentlemen, there can be no doubt that her relations will not endure that this young lady—as beautiful as she is unfortunate, and as tender as she is beautiful—should be exposed to the same hard treatment as the rogues and thieves whom you have just had put up for sale. They will, I am privately assured"—I heard this statement with amazement—"gladly purchase her freedom, after which, unless she is permitted to return, the society of our Colony will rejoice in the residence among them of one so lovely and so accomplished. Meantime, she must be sold like the rest."

"Did Monmouth make war with women for his followers?" asked a gentleman of graver aspect than most. "I, for one, will have no part or share in such traffic. Are English gentlewomen, because their friends are rebels, to be sent into the fields with the negroes?"

"Your wife would be jealous," said another, and then they all laughed.

I understood not until afterwards that the buying and selling of such a person as I appeared to be is a kind of gambling. That is to say, the buyer hopes to get his profit, not by any work that his servant should do, but by the ransom that his friends at home should offer. And so they began to bid, with jokes rude and unseemly, and much laughter, while I stood before them still bareheaded.

"Ten pounds," one began; "Twelve," cried another; "Fifteen," said a third; and so on, the price continually rising, and the salesman with honeyed tongue continually declaring that my friends (as he very well knew) would consent to give any ransom—any—so only that I was set free from servitude: until, for sixty pounds, no one offering a higher price, I was sold to one whose appearance I liked the least of any. He was a gross, fat man, with puffed cheeks and short neck, who had bought already about twenty of the servants.

"Be easy," he said, to one who asked him how he looked to get his money back. "It is not for twice sixty pounds that I will consent to let her go. What is twice sixty pounds for a lovely piece like this?"

Then the Captain, who had stood beside me, saying nothing, interfered.

"Madam," he said, "you can put up your hood again. And hark, Sir," he spoke to the planter, "remember that this is a pious and virtuous gentlewoman, and"—here he swore a round oath—"if I hear when I make this port again that you have offered her the least freedom—you shall answer to me for it. Gentlemen all," he went on, "I verily believe that you will shortly have the greatest windfall that hath ever happened to you, compared with which the Salisbury Rising was but a flea-bite. For the trials of the Monmouth rebels were already begun when I left the port of Bristol, and though the Judges are sentencing all alike to death, they cannot hang them all—therefore his Majesty's plantations, and Barbadoes in particular, will not only have whole cargoes of stout and able-bodied servants, compared with whom these poor rogues are like so many worthless weeds; but there will also be many gentlemen, and perhaps gentlewomen—like Madam here—whose freedom will be bought of you. So that I earnestly advise and entreat you not to treat them cruelly, but with gentleness and forbearance, whereby you will be the gainers in the end, and will make their friends the readier to find the price of ransom. Moreover, you must remember that though gentlemen may be flogged at whipping-posts, and beat over the head with canes, as is your habit, with servants both black and white, when the time of their deliverance arrives they will be no longer slaves but gentlemen again, and able once more to stand upon the point of honour and to run you through the body, as you will richly deserve, for your barbarity. And in the same way any gentlemen who may be sent here have brothers and cousins who will be ready to perform the same act of kindness on their behalf. Remember that very carefully, gentlemen, if you please."

The Captain spoke to all the gentlemen present, but in the last words he addressed himself particularly unto my new master. It was a warning likely to be very serviceable, the planters being one and all notoriously addicted to beating and whipping their servants. And I have no doubt that these words did a great deal towards assuring for the unfortunate gentlemen who presently arrived such consideration and good treatment as they would not otherwise have received.

The island of Barbadoes, as many people know, is one of the Caribby Islands. It is, as to size, a small place, not more than twenty miles in length by fifteen in breadth, but in population it is a very considerable place indeed, for it is said to have as many people in it as the City of Bristol. It is completely settled, and of the former inhabitants not one is left. They were the people called Indians or Caribs, and how they perished I know not. The island hath four ports, of which the principal is that of St. Michael or the Bridge, or Bridgetown, in Carlisle Bay. The heat by day is very great, and there is no winter, but summer all the year round. There is, however, a cool breeze from the sea which moderates the heat. A great number of vessels call here every year (there is said to be one every day, but this I cannot believe). They bring to the island all kinds of European manufactures, and take away with them cargoes of Muscovada sugar, cotton, ginger, and logwood. The island hath its shores covered with plantations, being (the people say) already more thickly cultivated than any part of England, with fewer waste places, commons, and the like. The fruits which grow here are plentiful and delicious—such as the pineapple, the pappau, the guava, the bonannow, and the like—but they are not for the servants and the slaves. The fertility of the country is truly astonishing; and the air, though full of moisture, whereby knives and tools of all kinds quickly rust and spoil, is considered more healthy than that of any other West Indian island. But, for the poor creatures who have to toil in the hot sun, the air is full of fatigue and thirst: it is laden with fevers, calentures, and sunstrokes. Death is always in their midst; and after death, whatever awaits them, cannot, I think, be much worse than their condition on the island.

After the sale was finished, the Captain bade me farewell, with tears in his eyes, and we were taken into boats and conveyed ashore, I, for my part, sitting beside my purchaser, who addressed no word at all to me. I was, however, pleased to find that among the people whom he had bought was the girl Deb, who had been my maid (if a woman who is a convict may have a maid who is a sister-convict). When we landed, we walked from the quay or landing-place to a great building like a barn, which is called a barracoon, in which are lodged the negro slaves and servants before they go to their masters. But at this time it was empty. Hither came presently a certain

important person in a great wig and a black coat, followed by two negro beadles, and carrying a long cane or stick. After commanding silence, this officer read to us in a loud voice those laws of the colony which concern servants, and especially those who, like ourselves, are transported for various offences. I forget what these laws were; but they seemed to be of a cruel and vindictive nature, and all ended with flogging and extension of the term of service. I remember, for instance—because the thought of escape from a place in the middle of the ocean seemed to me mad—that, by the law, if anyone should be caught endeavouring to run away, he should be first flogged and then made to serve three years after his term was expired; and that no ship was allowed to trade with the island or to put in for water, unless the captain had given security with two inhabitants of the island in the sum of £2000 sterling not to carry off any servant without the owner's consent.

When these laws had been read, the officer proceeded, further, to inform us that those who were thus sent out were sent to work as a punishment; that the work would be hard, not light; and that those who shirked their work, or were negligent in their work, would be reminded of their duties in the manner common to Plantations; that if they tried to run away they would most certainly be caught, because the island was but small; and that when they were caught, not only would their term of years be increased, but that they would most certainly receive a dreadful number of lashes. He added, further, that as nothing would be gained by malingering, sulking, or laziness, so, on the other hand, our lot might be lightened by cheerfulness, honesty, and zeal. A more surly, ill-conditioned crew I think he must have never before harangued. They listened, and on most faces I read the determination to do no more work than was forced from them. This is, I have learned, how the plantation servants do commonly begin; but the most stubborn spirit is not proof against the lash and starvation. Therefore, before many days they are as active and as zealous as can be desired, and the white men, even in the fields, will do double the work that can be got out of the black.

Then this officer went away, followed by his beadles, who cast eyes of regret upon us, as if longing to stay and exercise their wands of office upon the prisoners' backs. This done, we were ordered to march out. My master's horse was waiting for him, led by a negro; and two of his overseers, also mounted and carrying whips in their hands, waited his commands. He spoke with them a few minutes, and then rode away.

They brought a long cart with a kind of tilt to it, drawn by two asses (here they call them assenagoes), and invited me courteously to get into it. It was loaded with cases and boxes, and a negro walked beside the beasts. Then we set out upon our march. First walked the twenty servants—men and women—newly bought by the master; after them, or at their side, rode the overseers, roughly calling on the laggards to quicken their pace, and cracking their whips horribly. Then came the cart in which I sat. The sun was high in the heavens, for it was not more than three of the clock; the road was white and covered with dust; and the distance was about six or seven miles, and we went slowly, so that it was already nigh unto sunset when we arrived at the master's estate.

Thus was I, a gentlewoman born, sold in the Island of Barbadoes for a slave. Sixty pounds the price I fetched. Oh! even now, when it is all passed long since, I remember still with shame how I stood upon the quarter-deck, my hood thrown back, while all those men gazed upon me, and passed their ribald jests, and cried out the money they would give for me!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FIRST DAY OF SERVITUDE.

Thus began my captivity. Thus I began to sit beside the waters of Babylon, more wretched than the daughters of Zion, because they wept together, while I wept alone. I looked for no release or escape until the Lord should mercifully please to call me away by opening the Gate of Death. For even if I were released—if by living out the ten years of servitude I could claim my freedom, of what use would it be to me? Whither could I fly? where hide myself? Yet you shall hear, if you will read, how a way, terrible at first and full of peril, was unexpectedly opened, and in what strange manner was wrought my deliverance.

We arrived at our new master's estate—which was, as I have said, about seven miles from the port—towards sundown. We were marched (rather, driven) to a kind of village, consisting of a double row of huts or cottages, forming a broad street, in the middle of which there were planted a large number of the fruit-trees named here bonanows (they are a kind of plantain). The green fruit was hanging in clusters, as yet unripe; but the leaves, which are also the branches, being for the most part blown into long shreds, or rags, by the wind, had an untidy appearance. The cottages looked more like pigsties for size and shape; they were built of sticks, withs, and plantain-leaves both for sides and for roof. Chimneys had they none, nor windows; some of them had no door, but an opening only. Thus are housed the servants and slaves of a plantation. The furniture within is such as the occupants contrive. Sometimes there is a hammock or a pallet with grass mats and rugs; there are some simple platters and basins. In each hut there are two, three, or four occupants.

Here let me in brief make an end of describing the buildings on this estate, which were, I suppose, like those of every other. If you were to draw a great square, in which to lay down or figure the buildings, you would have in one corner the street or village of the people; next to the village lies the great pond which serves for drinking-water as well as for washing. The negroes are fond of swimming and bathing in it, and they say that the water is not fouled thereby, which I can not understand. In the opposite corner you must place the Ingenio, or house where the sugar-canes are brought to be crushed and ground, and the sugar is made. There are all kinds of machines, with great wheels, small wheels, cogs, gutters for running the juice, and contrivances which I cannot remember. Some of the Ingenios are worked by a wind-mill, others by horses and assenagoes. There is in every one a still where they make that fiery spirit which they call "kill-devil." Near the Ingenio are the stables, where there are horses, oxen, assenagoes, and the curious beast spoken of in Holy Writ called the camel. It hath been brought here from Africa, and is much used for carrying the sugar. The open space around the Ingenio is generally covered and strewn with trash, which is the crushed stalk of the cane. It always gives forth a sour smell (as if fermenting), which I cannot think to be wholesome. In the fourth corner is the planter's house. Considering that these people sometimes grow so rich that they come home and buy great estates, it is wonderful that they should consent to live in houses so mean and paltry. They are of wood, with roofs so low that one can hardly stand upright in them; and the people are so afraid of the cool wind which blows from the east that they have neither doors nor windows on that side; but will have them all towards the west, whence cometh the chief heat of the sun—



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

"Madam," he said, "it will be best to throw back your hood." This I did, and so stood before them all bareheaded.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

namely, the afternoon heat. Their furniture is rude, and they have neither tapestry, nor wainscoted walls, nor any kind of ornament. Yet they live always in the greatest luxury, eating and drinking of the best. Some of the houses—my master's among them—have an open verandah (as they call it: in Somersetshire we should call it a linney) running round three sides of the house, with coarse canvas curtains which can be let down so as to keep out the sun, or drawn up to admit the air. But their way of living—though they eat and drink of the best—is rude, even compared with that of our farmers at home; and a thriving tradesman, say, of Taunton, would scorn to live in such a house as contenteth a wealthy planter of Barbadoes. Behind the house was a spacious garden, in which grew all kinds of fruits and vegetables, and all round the buildings on every side stretched the broad fields of sugar-canes, which, when they are in their flower or blossom of grey and silver, wave in the wind more beautifully than even a field of barley in England.

On the approach of our party and the voices of the overseers, a gentlewoman (so, at least, she seemed) came out of the house and stood upon the verandah, shading her eyes and looking at the gang of wretches. She was dressed splendidly in a silken gown and flowered petticoat, as if she was a very great lady, indeed; over her head lay a kerchief of rich black lace; round her neck was a gold chain; when she slowly descended the steps of the verandah and walked towards us I observed that she was of a darker skin than is customary to find at home; it was, indeed, somewhat like the skin of the gipsy people; her features were straight and regular; her hair was quite black; her eyes were also black, and large, shaped like almonds. On her wrists were heavy gold bracelets, and her fingers were loaded with rings. She seemed about thirty years of age. She was a woman of tall and fine presence, and she stood and moved as if she was a Queen. She presently came forth from the verandah and walked across the yard towards us.

"Let me look at them—your new batch," she said, speaking languidly, and with an accent somewhat foreign. "How many are there? Where do they come from? Who is this one, for instance?" She took the girl named Deb by the chin, and looked at her as if she were some animal to be sold in the market. "A stout wench, truly. What was she over there?"

The overseer read the name and the crimes of the prisoner. Madam (this was the only name by which I knew her) pushed her away disdainfully.

"Well," she said, "she will find companions enough here. I hope she will work without the whip. Hark ye, girl," she added with, I think, kindly intent, "it goes still to my heart when I hear that the women have been trounced; but the work must be done. Remember that! And who are those—and those?" She pointed with contempt to the poor creatures covered with dirt and dust, and in the ragged, miserable clothes they had worn all the voyage. "Street sweepings; rogues and thieves all. Let them know," she said grandly, "what awaits those who skulk and those who thief. And whom have we here?"—she turned to me—"Is this some fine city madam fresh from Bridewell?"

"This prisoner," said the overseer, "is described as a rebel in the late Monmouth rising."

"A rebel? Truly?" she asked with curiosity. "Were Monmouth's soldiers women? We heard by the last ship something of this. Madam, I know not why you must needs become a rebel; but this, look you, is no place for gentlewomen to sit down and fold their arms."

"Madam," I replied, "I look for nothing less than to work, being now a convict (though I was never tried) and condemned—I know not by whom—to transportation in his Majesty's Plantations."

"Let me look at your hands," she said sharply. "Why, of what use are these little fingers? They have never done any work. And your face—prithce, turn back your hood." I obeyed, and her eyes suddenly softened. Indeed, I looked not for this sign of compassion, and my own tears began to flow. "'Tis a shame!" she cried. "'Tis a burning shame to send so young a woman—and a gentlewoman, and one with such a face—to the Plantations! Have they no bowels? Child, who put thee aboard the ship?"

"I was brought on board by one Mr. Penne, who deceived me, promising that I should be taken to New England, where I have cousins."

"We will speak of this presently. Meantime—since we must by the law find you some work to do—can you sew?"

"Yes, Madam, I can perform any kind of needlework, from plain sewing to embroidery."

"What mean they," she cried again, "by sending a helpless girl alone with such a crew? The very Spaniards of whom they talk so much would blush for such barbarity. Well, they would send her to a convent where the good Nuns would treat her kindly. Madam, or Miss, thou art bought, and the master may not, by law, release you. But there is a way of which we will talk presently. Meanwhile, thou canst sit in the sewing-room, where we may find thee work."

I thanked her. She would have said more; but there came forth from the house, with staggering step, the man who had bought us. He had now put off his wig and his scarlet coat, and wore a white dressing-gown and a linen nightcap. He had in his hand a whip, which he cracked as he walked.

"Child," said Madam, quickly, "pull down your hood. Hide your face. He hath been drinking, and at such times he is dangerous. Let him never set eyes upon thee save when he is sober."

He came rolling and staggering, and yet not so drunk but he could speak, though his voice was thick.

"Oho!" he cried. "Here are the new servants. Stand up, every man and woman. Stand up, I say!" Here he cracked his whip, and they obeyed, trembling. But Madam placed herself in front of me. "Let me look at ye." He walked along the line, calling the unhappy creatures vile and foul names. O shame! thus to mock their misery! "What!" he cried. "You think you have come to a country where there is nothing to do but lie on your backs and eat turtle and drink mobbie? What! You shall find out your mistake." Here he cracked his whip again. "You shall work all day in the field, not because you like it, but because you must. For your food, it shall be loblollie, and for your drink, water from the pond. What, I say! Those who skulk shall learn that the Newgate 'cat' is tender compared with her brother of Barbadoes. Tremble, therefore, ye devils all; tremble!"

They trembled visibly. All were now subdued. Those of them who swaggered—the dare-devil reckless blades—when first we sailed, were now transformed into cowardly, trembling wretches, all half-starved, and some reduced with fevers, with no more spirit left than enabled them still to curse and swear. The feeblest of mortals, the lowest of human wretches, has still left so much strength and will that he can sink his immortal soul lower still—a terrible power, truly!

Then Madam drew me aside gently, and led me to a place like a barn, where many women, white and black, sat sewing, and a great quantity of little black babies and naked children played about under their charge. The white women were sad and silent; the blacks, I saw with surprise, were all chattering and laughing. The negro is happy, if he have enough to eat

and drink, whether he be slave or free. Madam sat down upon a bench, and caused me to sit beside her.

"Tell me," she said kindly, "what this means. When did women begin to rebel? If men are such fools as to go forth and fight, let them; but for women?"

"Indeed," I told her, "I did not fight."

Then nothing would do but I must tell her all, from the beginning—my name, my family, and my history. But I told her nothing about my marriage.

"So," she said, "you have lost father, mother, brothers, lover, and friends by this pretty business. And all because they will not suffer the King to worship in his own way. Well, 'tis hard for you. To be plain, it may be harder than you think, or I can help. You have been bought for sixty pounds, and that not for any profit that your work will bring to the estate, because such as you are but a loss and a burden; but only in the hope that your friends will pay a great sum for ransom."

"Madam, I have indeed no friends left who can do this for me."

"If so, it is indeed unfortunate. For presently the master will look for letters on your behalf, and if none come I know not what he may threaten or what he may do. But think—try to find someone. Consider, your lot here must be hard at best; whereas, if you are released, you can live where you please; you may even marry whom you please, because beautiful young gentlewomen like yourself are scarce indeed in Barbadoes. 'Tis Christian charity to set you free. Remember, Child, that money will do here what I suppose it will do anywhere—all are slaves to money. You have six months before you in which to write to your friends and to receive an answer. If in that time nothing comes, I tell thee again, Child, that I know not what will happen. As for the life in the fields, it would kill thee in a week."

"Perhaps, if the Lord so wills," I replied helplessly, "that may be best. Friends have I none now, nor any whom I could ask for help—save the Lord alone. I will ask for work in the fields."

"Perhaps he may forget thee," she said—meaning the master. "But, no; a man who hath once seen thy face will never forget thee. My dear, he told me when he came home that he had bought a woman whose beauty would set the island in flames. Pray Heaven, he come not near thee when he is in liquor. Hide that face, Child. Hide that face. Let him never see thee. Oh! there are dangers worse than labour in the fields—worse than whip of overseer!" She sprang to her feet, and clasped her hands: "You talk of the Lord's will! What hath the Lord to do with this place? Here is nothing but debauchery and drinking, cruelty and greed. Why have they sent here a woman who prays?"

Then she sat down again and took my hand.

"Tender maid," she said, "thy face is exactly such as the face of a certain Saint—'tis in a picture which hangs in the chapel of the convent where the good Nuns brought me up long ago, before I came to this place—long ago. Yes, I forget the name of the Saint; thou hast her face. She stood, in the picture, surrounded by soldiers who had red hair, and looked like devils—English devils, the Nuns said. Her eyes were raised to Heaven, and she prayed. But what was done unto her I know not, because there was no other picture. Now she sits upon a throne in the presence of the Mother of God."

The tears stood in her great black eyes—I take it that she was thinking of the days when she was young.

"Well, we must keep thee out of his way. While he is sober, he listens to reason, and thinks continually upon his estate and his gains. When he is drunk no one can hold him, and reason is lost on him."

She presently brought me a manchet of white bread and a glass of Madeira wine, and then told me that she would give me the best cottage that the estate possessed, and for my better protection, another woman to share it with me. I thanked her again, and asked that I might have the girl called Deb, which she readily granted.

And so my first day of servitude ended in thus happily finding a protector. As for the cottage, it was a poor thing; but it had a door, and a window with a shutter. The furniture was a pallet with two thick rugs and nothing more. My condition was desperate, indeed; but yet, had I considered, I had been, so far, most mercifully protected. I was shipped as a convict (it is true) by a treacherous villain; but on the ship I found a compassionate Captain, who saved me from the company among whom I must otherwise have dwelt. I was sold to a drunken and greedy planter; but I found a compassionate woman who promised to do what she could; and I had for my companion the woman who had become a most faithful maid to me upon the voyage, and who still continued in her fidelity and her love. Greater mercies yet—and also greater troubles—were in store, as you shall see.

(To be continued.)

The Registrar-General's quarterly return of marriages, births, and deaths has been issued. It states that the population of the United Kingdom in the middle of 1888 is estimated at 37,440,505 persons; that of England and Wales at 28,628,804, of Scotland at 4,034,156, and of Ireland at 4,777,545. In the United Kingdom, 270,720 births and 139,821 deaths were registered in the three months ending Sept. 30, 1888. The natural increase of population was, therefore, 130,899. The registered number of persons married in the quarter ending June 30, 1888, was 121,920. The birth-rate in the United Kingdom in the third quarter of 1888 was 28.7, and the death-rate 14.8 per 1000. The marriage-rate in the second quarter of 1888 was 13.4 per 1000.

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MATRIMONY.

I think it was the *Times* newspaper—then sole monarch of the journalistic world now so Republican—which started, in years gone by, the "silly season" discussions of matters interesting to the public at large by that public itself. Now a younger rival has made itself chief master of the secret of "tapping the reservoir," as it has been well called, of middle-class feeling and opinion: and provides, in the letters it publishes, invaluable documents for the social history of the England of our time.

Its discussion this year has been perhaps the most noteworthy yet started: full to the brim of signs and self-revelations of the times. Probably a good many of the letters are not genuine—the roar of those "young lions," as they used to be called, is often to be recognised; but great numbers of these confessions, complaints, outbursts of ill-temper or of conceit, are as real as they can be; and some, let us hope, of the records of happiness—though I think that, as a rule, when a man has a happy home he does not blow a trumpet to proclaim the fact.

And how curious it all is: how like Le Sage's story, in which the "Devil on Two Sticks" shows his hero the world of Paris—with the roofs off. Here we see nagging wives, drinking husbands, lonely bachelors—and British newspaper-readers of to-day, and the editors who provide reading for their tastes.

This is almost the most instructive part of it. Has anyone noticed that there are many among these letters which a British editor of even ten years ago would not have dared to publish at all? Cautiously beginning with a wholesale onslaught on this Mrs. Mona Caird, whom they have so suddenly made famous, the adroit managers of the discussion have found themselves able to publish, unrebuked, letters advocating what we may call experimental matrimony, and letters describing at first hand experiments therein—doubtless instructive and valuable, but in no way sanctioned by Church or Law.

And Mrs. Grundy has not arisen and torn the *Daily Telegraph* to pieces! What does it mean? Is she sleeping? or is she still on a journey—perhaps to Boulogne, and other places where things shocking are but the sights of the country, and as such to be stared at? Or may we hope that she is at last growing old and toothless, and that the forgotten virtue of telling the truth may be expected to "come in" next season, or the season after?

If this were so indeed there might be hopes of improvement in many things—and in matrimony not least. These letters in the main confirm what is, I think, the judgment of most men whose views are not too strongly biased by personal experience: that misery in marriage is more often caused by an apparent lack of money than by anything else (except drink).

And, if Mrs. Grundy do but lose her power, the sensible minority who are happy with only money enough to pay for food, warmth (of shelter and clothing), and education, will gain a great following; and much nagging, many lies, and many tears will be saved. Moreover, more men and women would marry; and so would come a great addition to the world's stock of happiness.

For here is a point, which has been curiously overlooked by every writer on this question. Even though, as I am inclined to think, marriages are now happier than ever they were—because the woman is taking her fair place in the household—yet, year by year, marriage is more and more a failure.

This is no paradox, but a mere arithmetical truth. For, if every marriage in England were a perfectly happy one, but only one per cent of the adult population got married, I think it would be admitted that matrimony as an institution had broken down—had, indeed, ceased to be a regular "institution" altogether.

And we of the middle-class are going that way, and going quickly. Nearly every working-man has his wife—and so have a good many working-boys; and the aristocracy seem to marry early and often. But, though statistics could hardly prove whether marriage is a failure in the case of the married, I think they would show clearly enough that it fails to attract as large a proportion of the middle-class as it did a century or half a century ago. Look at the immense number of unmarried men of thirty—and think what that means in spinsters!

Perhaps as far as this reluctance to marry is caused by lack of money to keep up appearances, it may tend to disappear with the decay of Mrs. Grundy—and, indeed, I think she is beginning to doddle a little; but that is not all. People are getting cautious, in the world's old age; boys escape later from their parents' control, and have often passed the first period of hasty impulse before they are really their own masters. And then, they think, and sigh, and hesitate; and youth goes by, and even middle-age; and they remain alone, unloved. The old ties break, as years roll on, and new ones are not formed. It is sad, after all. Even looking at a "jolly old bachelor" of fifty—before the last loneliness has set in—one cannot help thinking of the prayer of Victor Hugo: that he, and those he loved, and even his enemies "triumphant in wrongdoing," might never see—

L'été sans fleurs vermeilles.

La cage sans oiseaux, la ruche sans abeilles,
La maison sans enfants.

Only, what is to be done? Schemes, visions, theories of Utopia, come to very little; whatever is done in this matter, as in most other matters, will, in the main, do itself; but in time, no doubt, something *will* be done. Matrimony has known many forms, during the lifetime of this elderly planet, and will know many more. The Hebrews were strongly in favour of a plurality of wives, and it is noteworthy that the wisest of them had most: King Solomon rejoiced in seven hundred—a number which seems to have excited some wonder even then.

But the serious objection to his proceedings was that many of these ladies, though highly eligible on social grounds (for they were Princesses, all of them) were foreigners, belonging to the heathen nations across the borders. This was as directly against the laws of the Hebrews as marrying any member of one's own tribe was with some other primitive peoples. Even so, in our own time and country, it is not at all the thing to marry your own sister, your mother-in-law, or even your grandmother; while in polite circles in (I think) the South Sea Islands, the crime of wedding any but a very near relation indeed is one hardly to be alluded to before ladies.

Now-a-days in England you can marry when you like, or not at all; it is only the dissolution of partnership which is difficult. But in Greece, by the law of Lycurgus, criminal proceedings might be taken against you if you married too late or unsuitably—or, of course, if you were a hardened offender and did not marry at all. And in Rome—where a Roman citizen could only legally marry the daughter of a Roman citizen—the idea of a complete personal unity of husband and wife was acted upon so strictly, that the mere dissent of either party (when formally expressed) could dissolve the marriage. Indeed, one may pretty safely say that whatever system has been devised by Mrs. Mona Caird as a substitute for modern matrimony, the one thing certain about it is that it will be no novelty.

E. R.

ACROSS THE FURKA PASS.

It was on a warm sunny morning in the third week of September that I started from Martigny to visit the Rhone glacier and cross the Furka Pass. Several people had hinted to me that it was too late in the year for the expedition, but I had not been able to accomplish it earlier, and as it was one to which I had long looked forward, I was determined to carry it out, if possible; nor was I in any way disappointed at the result.

The first part of the journey, from Martigny to Brieg, a distance of about forty-five miles, was by the railway which traverses the lower and least interesting part of the Rhone Valley, much of which shows unmistakable traces of repeated inundations, though there is much that is romantic and even grand. Lofty mountains, some clothed with forests, but mostly bare and rugged, enclose the valley on both sides, snow-capped peaks being occasionally seen in the distance, while the aspect of several of the small towns and villages, with their ruined castles and ancient houses, is decidedly picturesque. Especially noteworthy is Sion, the capital of the canton of Valais, with its old Roman towers and walls, which give it the appearance of being strongly fortified.

From Brieg the journey was made by carriage. The road, at first nearly level, runs for some distance along a green and fertile tract of country, passing by one or two prosperous-looking villages, after which it ascends rather steeply through a narrow ravine, down which the Rhone rushes wildly over its rocky bed; then crossing two or three wooden bridges, whence lovely views are obtained, reaches Lax, the point from which travellers generally start to ascend the Eggischhorn. After passing Fiesch the character of the country becomes somewhat different, the road here traversing a wide, pastoral valley in which the people were busily endeavouring to get their crops housed.

By far the greater part of the land here is utilised for feeding cattle, the pasture being of the same rich description and vivid green as elsewhere in Switzerland, the cows literally standing far above their hoofs in the lush growth. No wonder that the animals themselves are so sleek, and the milk they yield so sweet and creamy. Here and there were little, sorry-looking patches of corn being cut, as it seemed to me before it was anything like ripe; but the poor people were, no doubt, anxious to get it in, for the weather often changes suddenly in these high regions, and they knew that if it once broke their chance of harvesting would be gone. Men and women were working together, the latter taking their full share of the labour, cutting both corn and fodder and putting it into the large hempen sheets which they spread on the ground for the purpose, and then tie up by the four corners, after which they often carry the heavy bundles on their backs or heads for a considerable distance, not infrequently up or down the side of some steep incline. The work is considerably easier when the bundles have to be brought downhill instead of being carried up, as a vigorous kick, rightly administered, will often set them rolling for a long way.

We next passed through a succession of villages so near to each other that they almost joined—so close, in fact, that I was rather surprised to find each of them possessing not only a church, but also a mortuary chapel. This is rendered necessary by the scanty accommodation afforded in the houses, which are very poor at this part (and mostly built on piles, with the double purpose of protecting them from the floods caused by the melting snow in spring, as well as from the rats which abound), far more space in them being devoted to the cattle and the stores than to the human occupants; besides which, the windows are small and few, the idea in this region, where winter is so rigorous, being rather to exclude than to admit the outer air.

The churches hereabouts struck me as ugly, high-shouldered-looking buildings, with little slits of windows very high up in them; all had one—several, three or four—small metal pinnacles, I must call them for want of a better word. Of course, no one would expect the churches in such a remote district to be otherwise than plain; but these were as desolate-looking in the interior as they were outside, the altars and chapels being as hideous and trumpery as the shrines we so frequently passed on the road, where the representations of the Saviour and the Virgin Mary were so grotesque as to be almost repulsive. Münster is the last of this series of villages, and by far the largest; and, while the horses rested, we paid a visit to the church, the largest in the valley, and one which is regarded by the people somewhat in the light of a cathedral. It is certainly more decorated than any of the others, and can boast of some stained glass; but this is of an ultra-modern type, and I could not see much to admire. The porch is adorned with some horribly realistic frescoes. The view from the churchyard is, however, well worthy of note, commanding the wide valley we had just traversed, with range upon range of mountains in the background. Most of the graves had a simple wooden cross at the head, and nearly all a stone, mortar-like vessel beside it. I supposed this was intended for holy water, though I had never before seen them thus placed, and my conjecture was confirmed by a peasant woman and her daughter who came up at the moment, bringing with them a friend, who I afterwards learnt belonged to the neighbouring canton of Unterwalden. The elder woman had evidently been very good-looking in her youth, and her eyes were still handsome and expressive; but hard work and poor food soon leave their traces upon these villagers, and the women look old very early. She replied to my questions about life in this out-of-the-way place without any complaint, yet a half melancholy tone pervaded her words and aspect—a tone that I also observed among the men. This woman told me that they had quite enough to do to get in their crops during the short summer; but when I asked if they did not find the winter long, she quickly answered that there was more than work for all hands; the men and boys tending the cows and cutting and carving wood, the women minding their household duties, spinning their thread, weaving it into material and afterwards making it into garments. "Besides which there are always the stockings to knit," she added, as if this were conclusive. Her patois was much easier to understand than that of many of the people with whom I talked, but she seemed to think it strange that I should be English, as I told her I was, and yet able to speak German, and she finished by expressing her surprise that so many foreigners should come to her country, "where there was so little to see." The rushing river, glorious mountains, and other natural beauties, among which she had always lived, were as nothing in her eyes, so true is the old adage that "Familiarity breeds contempt."

After passing through Ulrichen, a rather dismal-looking place, where we saw a priest haranguing his flock in the

street, and one or two other villages still higher up the valley, the road began to wind steeply up the mountain-side, at first between pine-woods, the scent of which was delicious, till at length we seemed to get above the region of trees and found ourselves climbing the wild and narrow gorge down which the Rhone forces its way. It was a grand scene, but so lonely and desolate-looking as to make us feel almost glad to have overtaken another party of travellers whose destination was the same as our own—viz., the Rhone Glacier Hotel. Our driver had been walking for a long time beside the patient horses that toiled steadily on, only now and then stopping to rest for a minute or two at one of the many bends in the road which sometimes almost overhang the yawning depths below, while at other places the mighty rocks looked as if they would fall and bury us beneath them, while the river roared and thundered over huge boulders hundreds of feet below. I was getting very cold by this time, and was not sorry when the man remounted, saying, "We shall be there in five minutes!" Another turning, and the mighty glacier lay before us.

It was a wonderful sight, never to be forgotten, filling the soul with reverent awe. There was no need for words; it would have seemed like sacrilege to speak in the presence of such a scene. So grand, so pure, so silent, the vast field of ice rose before us like a huge frozen torrent, and as I looked the words of the poet came into my mind—

Ye icy falls! Ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard the mighty Voice,
And stopped at once, amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo—God!

But I have lingered so long over this first part of my journey as to leave myself but short space to speak of the remainder of the ascent, and it is a long way from the Rhone glacier to the top of the Furka Pass.

Starting by eight o'clock the next morning, we soon found ourselves winding up steeper gradients than any we had yet ascended, and now it was, as we neared the top of the glacier, that we gained some idea of its great extent, its actual length from top to bottom being no less than six miles, rising in a



VALAIS WOMEN SHOWING THEIR GRAVEYARD TO A FRIEND FROM UNTERWALDEN.

series of terraces of colossal ice-pillars one above another. The glacier loses none of its grandeur in the daylight, though it seemed less appalling. Goats were browsing at its very brink, and some cows, too, were making the best of the coarse grass which grew close to its edge, climbing about the almost perpendicular declivities that looked as if they could scarcely afford a foothold to any living creature.

A toilsome ascent of more than two hours brought us to the top of the pass, nearly 8000 ft. high, and here we paused to take a last view of the magnificent scene we were leaving. The glacier had long ago disappeared from sight, hidden by the shoulder of the Galenstock, over which we had just come; but the whole of the Upper Rhone Valley stretched before us, inclosed on all sides by ranges of lofty mountains: the Finsteraarhorn and the Eggischhorn prominent in the front, the snow-clad peaks of the Schreckhorn, the Jungfrau, the Breithorn, and even the far-distant Mönch and Wetterhorn rising clear and distinct behind them; while the glittering points of the Weisshorn and the Matterhorn completed the picture on the other side. It was a view of marvellous beauty and grandeur, one that our driver told us we were unusually fortunate in obtaining, as it was seldom so clear as then.

Once over the pass the scene was a very different one as we rapidly descended the windings of the road.

Below and before us lay the Urserenthal, watered by the clear, green Reuss, which flows rapidly between lovely pastures, ever and anon being fed by fresh streams from the mountains on both sides. Soon we passed Hospenthal, where the road from the St. Gothard joins ours, and hurrying on through Andermatt, which stands in the midst of fertile meadows, we soon reached the fearful defile of the Schöllenen, crossed the far-famed Devil's Bridge, and were at Göschenen, ready for the train that was to carry us away from this region of loveliness.

L. T. M.

The Bishop of Marlborough on Nov. 1 consecrated the new church of the Holy Cross in Cromer-street, King's-cross.

The representatives of the Universities Mission to East Africa have been officially informed that, in view of active operations to be begun by her Majesty's Government against the slave-traders on the Zanzibar Coast, it is desirable that all Europeans should be at once withdrawn from stations on the mainland.

The private chapel attached to St. Saviour's Hospital for Diseases of Women in Osnaburg-street, Regent's Park, was on Nov. 2 reopened with an impressive service. The building had been closed for some four months for the work of fitting up the carved oak interior which the treasurer of the institution, Mr. Edward Howley Palmer, presented in June last.

THE COURT OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

At Mequinez, one of the three capitals of Morocco, where the Sultan was residing before he started on his expedition this year against the revolted tribe of the Beni M'Guild, all the business of State affairs was then transacted in one of the numerous courtyards, surrounded by high walls, built by Christian slaves during the reign of Muley Ismaël. The bare uniformity of these walls, only broken by some large gateways opening into other courtyards, is a most characteristic feature of the architecture at Mequinez. The courts form a never-ending maze of gigantic buildings. During the few weeks previous to the moving of the Moorish army, the Maghzen, as it is called, was the scene of many picturesque assemblies. Those which our Artist has chosen to represent include the Minister's Court, with some faithful tribes bringing their contingent to be armed and equipped for the Sultan's military service. Others are soliciting to have some old quarrel forgiven, and are probably receiving an order to be sent to prison. The proud Minister and Court official, wrapped in his supreme dignity and in a white muslin "häik," sits perched on a fat mule, and is hurrying, with a touch of his sharp stirrup-spur, to escape the kissing of the ragged supplicants. The entrance to the Sultan's pavilion is shown in another sketch, with the people outside waiting for whatever may be decided, whether good or evil, behind the thick walls of the inner dwelling, the temporary abode of that despotic potentate on whose will their fate depends.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Yes, I love you" is the title of a song by F. L. Moir, in which protestations of affection are expressed in smooth melodious phrases that lie well for any voice of ordinary compass. A good variety of rhythm is given by changes of tempo from three-four to six-eight. Another love-song, but in a more playful style, is that by Theo Marzials, entitled, "Never laugh at love." The quaint humour of the lines (by Mike Beverly) is well reflected in the vocal strains, which are bright and piquant without being flippant. Both the songs just named are issued by Messrs. Boosey and Co., from whom also we have "Margarita," a very pleasing song, with an expressive and flowing melody by F. N. Löhr; "In sweet September," a ballad by Hope Temple, which is simple and unaffected in style without being commonplace; and "How dear thou art to me," a song, by Lovett King, in which expressive sentiment is successfully realised in smooth vocal strains that effectively alternate between six-eight and three-four tempo.

From among publications by W. Morley and Co. we may specify the following: "The Bell Rock," an effective song in the declamatory style, with good suggestions of ocean storms and dangers, composed by J. L. Roeckel; "A Ribbon and a Flower," a setting by Joseph Barnby of some graceful lines of a pathetic kind by Mary Mark Lemon. Mr. Barnby's music is, as it should be, unaffected in style, yet capable of thoroughly realising the sentiment of the words, and demanding from the singer earnest expression rather than any exceptional skill or vocal compass. "Ask not" and "The Ripple of the River" (also from Messrs. W. Morley and Co.) are songs by, respectively, Maude Valérie White and Frank L. Moir. The first is a very effective piece, which, although presenting small difficulty, has occasional passages somewhat more florid than is usual in the ordinary run of songs. The accompaniment is well written, and the piece altogether is above the common average. Mr. Moir's song is of a serious cast, but is neither dull nor uninteresting. The solemnity of the opening and incidental phrases in the minor key is well contrasted by the alternate use of the major key with a more florid accompaniment. It is altogether a musicianly and effective song.

"Love's Thorn" is a song by Tito Mattei, who has enhanced the effect of a melody of expressive simplicity by an accompaniment of a varied character, comprising some rich harmonic treatment, yet offering no considerable difficulties. Messrs. Patey and Willis are the publishers; as also of "Our dear old Homé," words and music by M. Watson—an unpretentious yet pleasing song, with some good contrasts of key. "The Crown of Love," by F. N. Löhr, and "Who was it?" by J. L. Roeckel, are songs also issued by Messrs. Patey and Willis. The first is a good specimen of the sentimental style; the other is in a lighter vein, with some effective reiterations of a piquant phrase in the accompaniment. Both songs, in their different styles, will be welcome in drawing-room circles.

MARRIAGES.

Major-General Sir Henry Ewart, K.C.B., Equerry to the Queen, and the Hon. Evelyn Clementina Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Aveland, were married on Nov. 3 at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, the Duke of Teck, and Princess Victoria were among the congregation. The bridegroom was attended by Lord Henry Vane-Tempest as best man. The six bridesmaids were the Hon. Margaret, Hon. Nina, Hon. Cecilie, Hon. Alice, and Hon. May Adelaide H.-D.-Willoughby, sisters of the bride, and Miss Ewart, niece of the bridegroom. The bride's youngest brother, the Hon. Peter Robert H.-D.-Willoughby, was also in attendance in a white satin costume copied from a print of Charles Edward as a child. The bride was accompanied by her father, who led her to the altar and afterwards gave her away. The bridal presents were numerous, and included, from Princess Mary Adelaide and the Duke of Teck, a gold fichu brooch, with sapphire centre and pearl at each end. Sir Henry received from the Queen a white marble bust of her Majesty on an alabaster pedestal. The Prince of Wales presented the General with a silver-gilt mounted cut-glass claret jug, in case.

The marriage of Mr. Hulso, M.P. for Salisbury, eldest son of Sir Edward Hulso, Bart., with Miss Lawson, only daughter of Mr. Lawson, of Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, was solemnised on Nov. 1 in the parish church, Beaconsfield. Mr. Lawson gave his daughter away. Captain Douglas Dawson (Coldstream Guards) was the bridegroom's best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Goetz and Miss Evelyn Goetz, cousins, and Miss Dorothy Lawson, niece of the bride; Miss Maitland-Crichton, niece of the bridegroom; Miss Hylda Marshall, Miss Berens, and Miss Genevieve Harvey; and there were two pages, Masters David and Henry Maitland-Crichton, nephews of the bridegroom. The presents numbered over four hundred.

The Home for Crippled Boys, Kensington, has received a gift of £1000 from the trustees of the residue of the estate of the late Mr. Edward Boustead, of Clapham-park.



1. THE MINISTER'S COURT. 2. DEPUTATION OF A REVOLTED TRIBE ASKING FOR PARDON. 3. ENTRANCE TO THE SULTAN'S PAVILION.
THE MAGHZEN AT MEQUINEZ, THE COURT OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A RAINY DAY.

For hours past the rain has been falling, until every leaf and spray has become dripping wet, and the whole atmosphere saturated with vapour. There has been no stirring outside the domicile to-day. Not even an invitation from a friend (in waterproofs) to fish eels in the brook could tempt me out of my snuggery, where, deep in "Robert Elsmere," I have been passing the hours of the morning. True, eels will and do bite in wet weather more readily than other denizens of the brook, perhaps, and there is good fun (from an angler's point of view) to be got out of a nice two-feet lively member of that serpentine race of fishes. But the charms of an enthralling book and the genial warmth of the first fire of the season are together sufficient temptations to remain indoors. There is no sign of a clearing yet. Mr. Piscator is yonder in the meadow whipping the stream. The macadamised road in front of the snuggery has been washed almost bare of its dust and debris, and the side-channels overflow with the downpour from the clouds.

Looking at that road, one sees something suggestive of bigger things than raindrops, and mightier currents than the streams of the pathway. Observe how, between the imbedded stones of the road, the water-drops gradually collect to form rills. Note again, how the little rills unite to make streams. See how rill joins rill, until quite a respectable current, as to size, runs into the channel of the overflowing gutter. The gutter itself is made and formed by such rills. The road is, indeed, the "catchment basin" of the rivers, which its gutters represent. If you were to draw a map of that road, its rills, rivulets, and gutters, you would imitate clearly and closely the chart of every big river you know. For, in truth, the biggest river differs only in kind, and not in degree, from the rill on the road. It is fed and nurtured by its streams, exactly as that gutter is fed before your eyes to-day. There is a whole lesson in physical geology spread out before us this rainy day, in the shape of that soaking roadway; and from small things at home to great things abroad is but a step, which the scientific use of the imagination will bridge over easily enough.

Look again at the rills in the road, and note the work they are accomplishing in the small arena they occupy. For see, how the road is washed bare by the rain, its dust-particles having been swept away to the gutters at the sides. This is the first work of the rill and the river alike. Each cuts out a channel for itself—the river through the land, on a big scale; the rill between the stones, on a small one. Again, each is a carrier and transporter of the debris which it detaches from the land. The sodden and dirty water of the gutters is the result of the sweeping away of the things of the earth by the rills. If you take up a tumbler of that gutter-water, and allow its sediment to settle, you will find it is one-half mud. Multiply your one tumbler-full of such debris by the thousands that have flowed along the roadways to-day, and you may estimate how great must be the amount of solid matter which a rainy day disposes of, in that it sends all its material first to the rills, then to the gutters, and finally to the brooks and the rivers themselves.

Turn your thoughts next to the rivers of the world. The same action meets your mental gaze that you see in that roadway. The river is an eater-away, an eroder, of the land; and it is likewise a transporter of the materials it steals from the solid earth. Be it slow or be it rapid in its course, its action is essentially the same in character. When you come to multiply the daily wear and tear of the river by its yearly work, the amount of material it is seen to carry down to the sea is found to exceed belief. Think of what the Amazon, and the Mississippi and Missouri, the Danube, Volga, Rhine, Rhone, and even our own Thames must accomplish in this work of earth-wear day by day! Millions of tons of matter are removed from the land, from mountain-peak and valley alike, and carried to lake or sea; just as the rills on the road pour their burden into the gutter beyond. There is no cessation to this action. It is perennial, incessant, everlasting, as a world-phenomenon, and will continue until this orb of ours becomes a waterless, dried-up cinder of a globe like the moon itself. This action of running water is, in truth, a serious thing, speaking geologically. For the tendency of every rill and river is to wear down the land-surfaces through which it flows to the level of the sea. If you open a geological textbook, you will find the rate at which each river performs this work of earth-sculpture duly chronicled. It is not the least interesting part of the history of running water, however, to find that, on a miniature scale, the rain-rills in the road are doing their best to emulate the work of their greater neighbours of the valleys and the plains.

You have seen how the rills of the road cut out their channels through the interstices of the stones, and shape their course according to the obstacles they encounter in their journeys to the gutter. Each rill is like your winding river. With a spice of philosophy, it goes round what it cannot sweep away. This is the case with many a stream you know which meanders through flat lands, without the flood and force necessary to carve out a straight course and to sweep all before it. The Thames in its flat-lands, or the "sweet winding Devon" of the north, whereof Burns sings, illustrate rivers which wind in a sinuous course because they have not the force necessary to sweep away the obstacles which oppose them. But when you read of the doings of such a river as the Rio Colorado of the West, your respect for the work of running water increases vastly in extent. The Colorado river, in part of its course, runs through rocky defiles, or "cañons," of immense depth. These cañons measure in some parts more than a mile in depth, and extend for many miles as the natural course of the river. Now, it is provable that the river itself has actually made these cañons. It has slowly, but surely, through the long ages, cut and carved its way downwards through the rock, until it has found a channel a mile deep from the surface. Geologists will tell you that this river has been a successful sculptor of the earth, because its waters carry just a sufficiency of sand to eat out, as does a file, the hard substance of the rocks. This is river-action on a great and grand scale, it is true; but nevertheless it leads us backwards, by simple enough steps and gradations, to these rills of the roadway and to the gutters by the side of the street.

One word more before you draw the blinds and shut out the dismal prospect and the dripping rain. All is not waste in this action of running water. The material torn from the land is not lost to the world; it is only changed in its form and uses. Deposited in lakes and seas by the rivers, it will form the matter from which new rocks will be constructed. Nay, even to-day many a river filling up its lake is a land-maker, just as you see that drain yonder has become choked with the debris of the rills. The Mississippi has, for centuries, been making new land at its delta out of the debris of the old. To-morrow, you may see how the water-borne material has been deposited at the drain-mouth in the road, as it is being laid down everywhere in the world's history by the rivers that thief and steal from the land with one hand, and give back their spoil with the other. Such are the lessons which are taught us by a rainy day. ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, T G (Ware).—Quite right, but spare the slain.
M A S (The Hague).—We explained that the Knight printed on White's K 3rd ought to have been Black, with this correction the problem is correct.
P N BRAUND.—Most acceptable, thanks.
G ADAMSON (City Club).—Thanks for the information. Always glad to hear from you.
W H E (Boarp, Sweden).—Your problem is quite unintelligible to us. Bishops do not move like Rooks, nor mate as Queens.
E J WINTER WOOD.—Much obliged. It shall duly appear if correct.
PETERHOUSE AND OTHERS.—We are in communication with the author on the subject.
J G HANKIN, E P A. AND OTHERS.—Q to R 5q will not solve No. 2323; P to K 3rd being a good defence.
HERKWARD.—Marked for immediate insertion.
R BOHNSTEDT (Berne).—Thanks for problem; who is the author?
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2323 received from G B Hewett (Middle Colaba); of No. 2322 from E Bohnstedt; of No. 2323 from E Bohnstedt, W H Reed (Liverpool), Shadforth, P C (The Hague), James Sage, and Thomas Chown; of No. 2324 from John G Grant, H S B (Ben Rhydding), R Elliott, E Bohnstedt, J Bryden, W H Reed, M A S (The Hague), Hereward, Dr Gustav Walz (Heidelberg), Ruby Rook, Guinevere (Ben Rhydding), P C (The Hague), W P Welch, Bernard Reynolds, H C Sessions (Furnival's Inn), and J King.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2325 received from Ruby Rook, Howard A. Dwyer, E Bohnstedt, W H Reed, John G Grant, Dr F S, E Phillips, E Casella (Paris), Jupiter Junior, H S B (Ben Rhydding), A Newman, Bernard Reynolds, Rev Winfield Cooper, Alpha, W R Hamblin, P Roberts, J King, R Worters (Canterbury), F C Cook (Earley), Dane John, J Thorn, R H Brooks, Shadforth, Lt.-Col. Lorraine, J Hepworth Shaw, A H Mole, C E P, E Louden, W Von Beverhoudt, J Bryden, Peterhouse, R F N Banks, Mrs Kelly, James Sage, Columbus, J Gaskin, Julia Short, W R Raitlen, Wilson, Grange-on-Sands, E Field (Scribton), J P Tucker (Leeds), J Hall, J Dixon (Colchester), Nigel, W H Hayton, T Chown, J Ross (Whitley), Hereward, F G Tucker (Pontypool), T G (Ware), E G Boyle, Martin F, Percy Ewen, E Lucas, W Hillier, G J Veale, and J Ryder.

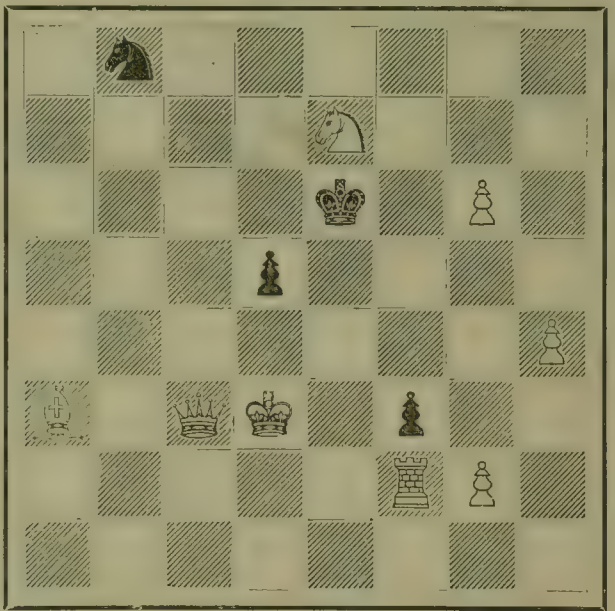
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2323.

WHITE.
1. K to R 4th
2. P to Q 4th (ch)
3. Q or B mates.
BLACK.
P to B 5th
K moves
If Black play 1. K to Q 3rd, then 2. Q to Q 4th (ch); if 1. Kt to Q Kt 7th, then 2. P to Q 4th (ch); and if 1. any other, then 2. Q to K B 4th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2327.

By J. PAUL TAYLOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Mr. Blackburne, in continuation of his tour, went through the usual programme at the Midland Institute, Birmingham, on the evenings of Oct. 23, 24, and 25. On the first night he played seventeen concurrent games against an exceedingly strong team of local players, and won thirteen, three of the remainder being lost, and the other drawn. The blindfold match was against eight picked men, in which he scored four wins against one defeat and three draws. On the 25th he played twelve of the St. George's, Birmingham, drawing one game, and winning all the others. Going on to Manchester, he met twenty-two members of the Athenæum Club there on Friday, Oct. 26, and defeated sixteen of them, losing with four, and drawing against two. He plays at Burton-on-Trent on Nov. 6 and 7.

The annual match between the Manchester and Liverpool clubs took place at the rooms of the former on Saturday, Oct. 27. Liverpool had everything its own way, winning 6 games, drawing 3, and losing 1; the only winner for Manchester being Mr. D. Y. Mills, lately a leading Metropolitan amateur and ex-Champion of Scotland.

The great tournament of the City of London Chess Club began on Monday, Oct. 22, and has proved highly attractive to its members. The room where the contest is held is crowded with competitors, as many as thirty boards being in play together. Amongst the winners so far are the names of Messrs. Jacobs, Vyse, and Ross; but several well-known amateurs had not taken their part in the first round at the date of the secretary's last communication.

Those who wish, for use or for pleasure, to keep a record of any game, position, or problem that may attract them, will find the "Bristol and Clifton Chess Recorder" of much assistance. It takes the form of a note-book, and is lined and figured for 100 games, with the useful addition of as many blank diagrams for whatever purpose they may be needed. Messrs. Taylor, Sons, and Hawkins, of the *Times* and *Mirror*, Bristol, are the publishers, and the price is the now fashionable sum of one shilling.

The Athenæum Chess Club, at its own rooms, beat the Ludgate-circus team by 8½ games to 6½.

For the "Chessplayers' Annual and Club Directory, 1889," the authors, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Rowland, 9, Victoria-terrace, Clontarf, Dublin, invite the following particulars of chess clubs:—Town, club name, year established, place of meeting, time, number of members, annual subscription, laws, president, hon. secretary.

The Amethyst Chess Club commenced their second season at their rooms, Church-street, Stoke Newington, on Saturday, Oct. 27; Mr. Stevens, a prominent member of the City of London and North London Chess Clubs, was the visitor, and played simultaneously fifteen games, winning nine and losing five.

A match between the North London and London Banks Clubs was played on Oct. 30, and resulted in a victory for the former by seven games to five.

A match was played at the Plymouth Chess Club on Oct. 29 between the married and single members; and, after a close contest, resulted in a victory for the latter by 5½ games to 4½.

We have received the seventeenth annual report of the Bristol and Clifton Chess Club, from which we learn that the club has benefited by an unusually large accession of members, and much activity has been shown in bringing to a successful issue the various contests in which the club has been engaged. Mr. H. L. Leonard wins the champion cup, having defeated Mr. N. Fedden, the last year's holder. Mr. A. T. Perry takes the chief prize in the handicap, and Mr. H. R. Griffith the junior cup. At the annual general meeting Mr. W. Tribe was, by a large majority, elected president and, unanimously, hon. treasurer for the year. A vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. N. Fedden, the retiring president, for his services during the past two years.

A match has been arranged between Mr. Steinitz and Herr Tschigorin, the Russian champion, to be played in America early next year.

Several important football matches took place on Nov. 3. At the Rectory Field the London Scottish defeated Blackheath by three goals and a try to a try; Bradford defeated Richmond on the ground of the latter by two tries to nothing; and at Newcastle a match between the Maoris and a local team was drawn.

Lord Emly, Vice-Chancellor of the Royal University of Ireland, has conferred degrees on the successful candidates at the recent examinations, including Miss Letitia Walkington, M.A., as Bachelor of Laws, and Miss Margaret Johnston and Miss Mary Robertson as Masters of Arts, with honours in experimental science. Fourteen ladies took bachelor's degrees in arts, with honours, one of them gaining a scholarship.

NOVELS.

Hartas Maturin. By H. F. Lester. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—It has lately been estimated, with regard to quantity, that one-third of the present average supply of novels would suffice for the actual demand; and, with regard to quality, that two-thirds of those now published are not worth even the blank paper on which the "copy" was written, much less the reams of other paper on which the hundreds of bookseller's copies are printed. Why they are written, printed, and published the reviewer has no business to inquire; but it becomes his unwelcome duty, now and then, to show why they should not be read by sensible persons, whom he would help to avoid the disgust that he has been obliged to suffer for their sake. It is not, however, against the feeble and insipid, the trivial and vulgar, or even the sensual and licentious tales, which some authors present as pictures of domestic and social life, that a warning is most needed. Dulness can be left to its own lack of attraction; while indelicacy soon betrays itself to the aversion of readers endowed with average good taste. Among other objectionable kinds of bad novels are those which cater for a morbid appetite to pry into supernatural mysteries by the lurid light of a hideous crime, glaring upward from the nether region, and raising phantoms of superstition, in some form of so-called "spiritualism," where simple moral and religious consciousness ought alone to be invoked. This unwholesome tendency is the worst fault of "*Hartas Maturin*"; but, in the present confused and excited state of popular opinion with regard to theological and metaphysical questions, any novelist who propounds a startling theory of the future life, different from that usually entertained by the orthodox, may reckon upon gaining a certain amount of attention. We are not called upon here to discuss that psychological speculation, or to deny the doctrine of its singular mystic prophet, a Mr. Bastian, residing sometimes in Whitechapel, sometimes in a lonely cottage on Leith Hill, near Dorking, a worker of miracles and a saintly apostle. He maintains that it is consistent with the true Christian revelation. It appears to be a modification of the very ancient creed of metempsychosis, taught by Asiatic philosophers centuries before Christ, and reported by Pythagoras and other Greek sages, but rejecting the extreme of the transmigration of human souls into souls of beasts. Anyone, learned or unlearned, who thinks himself at liberty to exercise his imagination in conceiving possible modes of existence for the individual spirit after quitting a mortal body, may, without general censure—so far as we know, even without ecclesiastical censure—accept the idea of its passing through a succession of other human lives. This is supposed to be a way of continuing its spiritual discipline here on earth, perhaps through many generations, until the undefined period of its final destination. But we do protest against using such an idea, which must be, whether true or false, of vast importance to religion and morality—and to human happiness in the sacred affections of mutual love and friendship—as a mere piece of literary machinery for the fantastic novelist in a trumpety work of fiction. Dr. Hartas Maturin has murdered his first wife; and immediately on her death, the soul of this woman has become the soul of a newborn female infant belonging to another family. This babe grows up to be a very sweet and beautiful girl of seventeen; the murderer, a clever, handsome, rich, and distinguished man of forty, is about to take this girl for his second wife. But she, being thrown into a trance, has a vision in which she seems to herself to be the first wife, and experiences in her dream all the circumstances and sensations that really attended the murder; and she thereby becomes a witness to the crime. What a monstrous story! What good can it do anybody to read such wild nonsense? The belief in a transmission of the spirit through successive mortal lives is rendered utterly intolerable by adding to it the capacity, in any mental phase, of recollecting the outward experiences of another former life; and the imaginary exercise of that faculty would open the way to impostures and delusions fatal to the peace of society. Its supposition is even more pernicious than the contemptible tricks of the spirit-mediums and the infatuated credulity of their dupes; for the rapping and writing communications to these from the disembodied spirits do not meddle so much with past affairs. The author of "*Hartas Maturin*" can have had no reprehensible intention; and we will only point out the inconsiderateness, not to say the impropriety, of employing this notion to concoct an idle romance. Other faults of the tale are excusable as failures of conception or of execution. The herd of third-rate novelists, in their imitative run after each other on the same notable incident, resemble a flock of sheep jumping the same way over a ditch or stile. Ever so many of them have lately presented to us, with slight variations, the wicked scientific member of the medical profession, a vivisectionist of course, who poisons several of his family and friends. Mr. Grant Allen took his turn, the other day, in this just and discreet line of fiction; and a pretty mess he made of it, not doing much harm, we hope, to the funds of the Middlesex Hospital, or to University College. As for Dr. Maturin, if any discerning reader should spend time on the perusal of his nefarious career, it will be apparent that all the actions related of him, as a man of consummate ability and remorseless selfishness, are precisely the things he would not have done. If he wanted to be elected M.P. for a metropolitan district, and to spend £5000 in procuring his election, there are many lawful ways of buying local influence far more efficaciously than by a donation of that sum towards the purchase of a public park. If he wanted £5000 for any purpose, being the husband of a lady with £100,000, of which fortune he had the reversion, he could have raised it with no great difficulty. His wife being greatly admired in society, and he being esteemed an admirable husband, while their beautiful house was frequented by the leading families in the borough for which he was candidate, it could not serve his ambition to put her to death. As she was fond and proud of him, and he did not wish to marry any other woman till seventeen years afterwards, one does not see the motive he had for killing her, by which he incurred the direst suspicions on the part of her uncle and of her most intimate lady friend. He was living in affluence on the interest of her fortune, and did not want to spend the principal. After succeeding in his Parliamentary ambition, and gaining high political office, he remains a cheerless widower till he is captivated by the charms of a penniless young girl—not what might be expected of Hartas Maturin! Finally, when Netta Vane, having preternaturally remembered, by the mystic effect of "reincarnation," how cruelly her predecessor was murdered with a suffocating gas, refuses to become the second Mrs. Maturin, this atrocious, cold-blooded egotist behaves like a raging madman. Having walked all night from London to Dorking, for the purpose of shooting the Prophet Bastian, he goes to sleep in the cottage, which catches fire, and he is burnt to death. So much for Hartas Maturin, the most unreal creation of a rather clumsy, but very audacious writer of fiction. There are, however, descriptive passages which merit a word of praise; the scenery around Leith Hill is vividly and truthfully pictured; and the sojourn of the Vane family in the Greek island of Mytilene is an agreeable idyll, with strong local colouring.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Alderman Whitehead, of Highfield House, Catford Bridge, Kent, was born in 1834, at Appleby, Westmoreland. He was educated at the Appleby Grammar School. Early in life he entered into the Bradford trade, and came to London in 1860. Having retired from business, he was elected in 1882 Alderman for the Ward of Cheap, and in 1884-5 served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. He has been chairman of the visiting Justices of Holloway Prison, and is one of the visitors of the City of London Asylum, and on the committee of Christ's Hospital and Emmanuel Schools, also of St. Bartholomew's, Bethlehem, and other hospitals. He is a governor of Queen Anne's Bounty, and a past-master of the Fanmakers' Company; one of the Deputy-Lieutenants for the City of London, a Justice of the Peace for Kent and Westmoreland, and a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county. He is a Knight Commander of the Servian Order of Takovo, and a Knight Officer of the Belgian Order of Leopold. He is on the board of management of the Commercial Travellers' Schools, a trustee of the Rowland Hill Benevolent Fund for Aged and Distressed Post-Office Servants, and a member of the council and committee of distribution of the Hospital Sunday Fund. He is a member of the Devonshire and City Liberal Clubs, being on the committee and political council of the latter. In 1880 he was unanimously invited by his party to come forward for West Kent, but declined at that time to stand. In 1885, and again in 1886, he was induced to contest the northern division of Westmoreland, but met with defeat at the hands of the Hon. William Lowther. He is an

extensive traveller, having visited most countries of Europe, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand. In 1860 he married Mercy Matilda, fourth daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Hinds, of Bank House, St. Neots. Their family consists of four sons and two daughters.

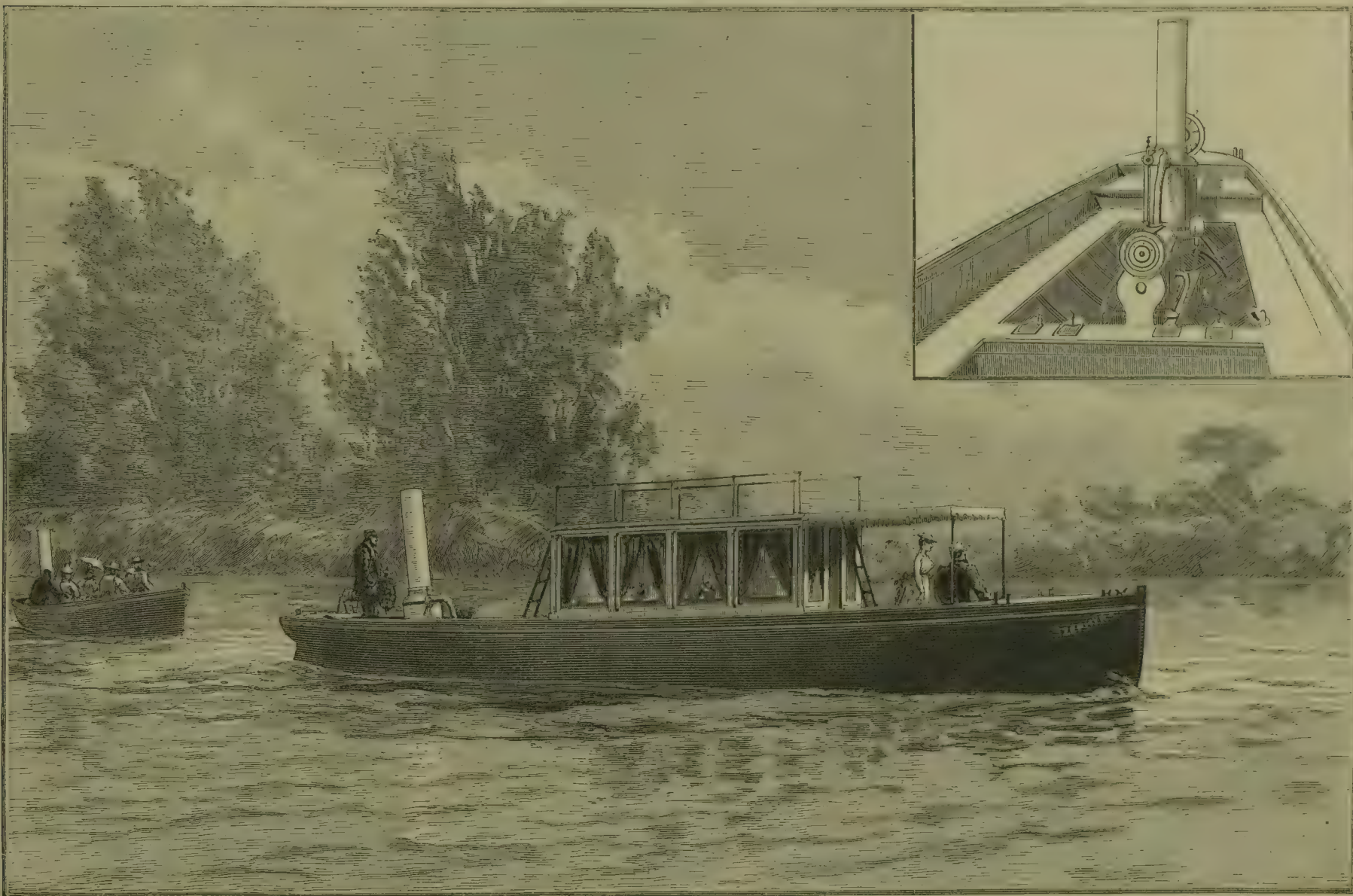
Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Gray was born at Stockton-on-Tees in 1826. His father was then head-master of the Grammar School of that town. When the son was but six years of age his parents came to London, and he was educated at the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society. On leaving school, he entered the office of a colonial broker in Mincing-lane. Mr. Gray has been successful in business, and is now senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Anderson, Fairley, and Gray. In 1881 he was elected to the Court of Common Council for Tower Ward, and two years later he became an Alderman. He is a member of the following committees: Epping Forest, Law and City Courts, and City School; also a governor of the Royal Hospitals. He is a member of the General Produce Brokers' Association, the committee of Mincing-lane Benevolent Fund, and the committee for the Reformation of Boys on board the Cornwall and the Tower Ward Schools, and a director of the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company.

Mr. Sheriff Newton, who was born in the year 1849, at Hull, began his commercial career at Burton-on-Trent. Later, he entered into partnership with his brother, the late Captain Newton, whose business of shipowner was then extended to London. Mr. Newton is engaged in other commercial enterprises, being proprietor of the business of H. Love and Co., Borough. He is also a director of two or three financial companies.

THE "ZEPHYR" SYSTEM OF PROPULSION FOR LAUNCHES.

At the last meeting of the British Association, the President, Sir Frederick Bramwell, drew attention to the probability of a great change in obtaining motive power. He referred to a new method of propulsion introduced by Messrs. Yarrow and Co., of Poplar, in which a volatile spirit instead of water is used for obtaining an expansive vapour. Up to the present time, Messrs. Yarrow and Co. have only adapted the plan to steam-launches. In these it has proved a very marked success, so that for small powers it may take the place of steam. The system may here be briefly described. The whole of the machinery is placed at the stern; it consists of an engine of very simple and special construction and a generator. This generator, which produces the spirit vapour, is placed close to the engine, and is very compact and light. It comprises a coil of copper pipe, surrounded by a casing, within which the spirit is made to circulate continuously; in its passage it is converted, by means of a relatively small amount of heat, into vapour, which passes to the motor and drives it, just as steam drives an ordinary engine. This motor is connected to a shaft and a screw, as usual, which propels the boat. The heat is obtained from a flame produced from either spirit or ordinary petroleum. The engine is started by simply making a few strokes with a pump and applying a lighted match to the burner, and in three minutes the vaporised spirit in the coil shows a pressure of from 60 lb. to 70 lb. on the square inch, and then the boat is ready to get under weigh at full speed. The spirit, after having passed through

The Engine and Generator of Spirit-Vapour.



LAUNCH PROPELLED ON THE "ZEPHYR" SYSTEM.—BUILT BY MESSRS. YARROW AND CO., POPLAR.

the engine and done its work, is condensed, and issues forth in a liquid state into a tank placed in the bow. It is then pumped back into the generator, re-evaporated, and again condensed; the same process being carried on continuously. Consequently, there is absolutely no waste, the same spirit being used over and over again. After the boat is started, the entire machinery is automatic, requiring no attention whatever, nor any skilled engineer to look after it, so that one man, if the steering-wheel is placed near the machinery, can take entire management of the boat with perfect convenience to himself. A small handle is fitted, by which the engines can be started, stopped, and reversed. As will be seen from our illustration, owing to the machinery being placed quite aft, it leaves the entire central portion of the boat available for passenger accommodation, which position in an ordinary steam-launch is occupied by the machinery. The reason why the engine and generator can be placed at the stern is on account of their small weight; and as evidence of the lightness of the whole arrangement, it may be stated that a launch 30 ft. in length weighs only a ton; and one 21 ft. long, 10 cwt., which is about half the weight of a steam-launch of the same size and power. We would add that the whole arrangement is free from dirt or smoke, no coal being taken on board for the furnace.

ART MAGAZINES.

The *Magazine of Art* for November opens with a paper by Mr. W. Cosmo Monkhouse on the work of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., one of the pioneers of the new school of English sculpture, influenced much by Donatello and other Florentine sculptors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Mr. Frith, R.A., contributes another of his tersely expressed protests against the artistic fads of the day, and inveighs with renewed vigour against his *bête-noir*, impressionism, in "Realism versus Sloppiness." Mrs. Pennell, in her paper on "Wells and its Cathedral," with its charming illustrations by C. E. Mallons and Joseph Pennell, cannot fail to interest her readers in the quaint historic old town she describes so picturesquely. Mr. William M. Rossetti has written a description of the various

sketches and portraits of his celebrated brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, now extant, some of which are reproduced for this article.

The opening paper in the *Art Journal* for the current month is one continued from the October number on "A Modern Private Collection"—that, namely, of Mr. Humphrey Roberts, of Kensington; among the examples reproduced are a drawing by Mr. A. W. Hunt, Mr. Albert Moore's "Kingscups," and Mr. Alma Tadema's "On the Stairs." Mr. Edwards Roberts' experiences in "The American Wonderland," as he calls the marvellous Yellowstone Park district, are also continued from the last issue. Mr. Marcus B. Huish contributes more "Notes on Japan and its Art Wares"; and Mr. Joseph Hatcher another paper on "Provincial Clubs," this month of Manchester and Leeds. One of the most interesting articles is that by Mr. Claude Phillips on the great Alsatian painter, Jean Jacques Henner.

The *Art Annual*, or yearly extra number of the *Art Journal*, for 1888 is some account of the life and work of Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., by Mr. F. G. Stephens. The eminent marine-painter has already been several times the subject of biography, but such is the popularity of the artist that any facts relative to his life and works cannot fail to be of interest. Although now best known as a painter of sea and rocks and boats, Mr. Hook began his professional career as a portrait-painter, and executed many figure subjects exhibited in the Royal Academy and elsewhere, of which several are reproduced in the *Art Journal*. One of the most beautiful of the pictures reproduced is "The Mirror of the Seamen; or, The Gulls' Toilet," in the possession of Sir John Millais, the artist's intimate friend, and is purely a picture of sea and rocks. This annual will be welcomed gladly by all who have been carried out of dusty London to fresh sea-breezes by Mr. Hook's wonderful seascapes on the walls of the Academy.

The fourth monthly publication, by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., of *Artistic Japan*, a journal conducted by Mr. S. Bing, with the assistance of many English and French connoisseurs, the English edition being in charge of Mr. Marcus B. Huish, has an elegant and attractive appearance. It is technical,

descriptive, and illustrative, rather than historical, the leading article being a treatise, by L. Falize, on the Japanese methods of decorating bronze and other metal with coloured enamel. The next writer will be M. Edmond de Goncourt. There are eight separate plates, on thick paper, representing curious and beautiful ornamental designs of native art.

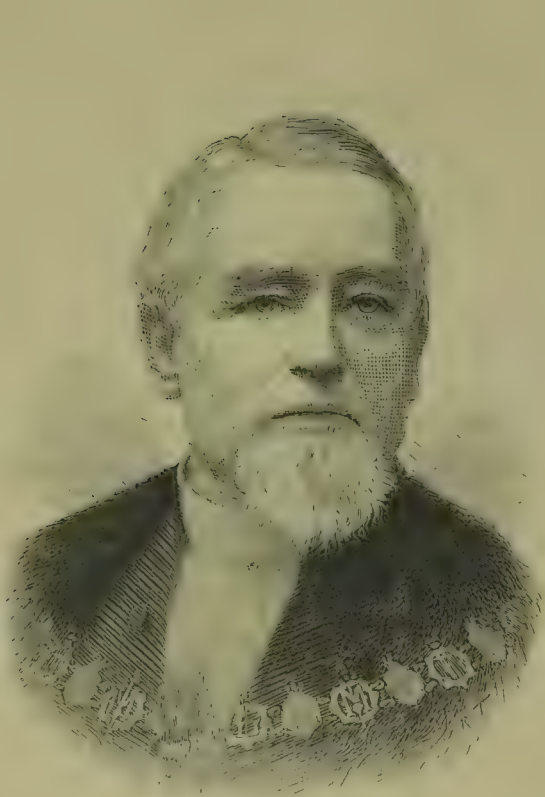
The fourth number of *The Salon*, a monthly review of "art, fashion, music, and the drama," contains several engravings of pictures, "The Trial of Constance of Beverley," "The Morning Hymn at an Orphanage," and views at Chatsworth. There is much brief and summary comment on topics of the day belonging to these departments, a short tale, "The Comedian's Tragedy," and a review of the memoirs of Mr. Sims Reeves.

Lady De Keyser, the Lady Mayoress, has been presented with a diamond bracelet and earrings by the Court of Common Council, in remembrance of her courtesy and kindness at the Mansion House during the mayoralty of her husband.

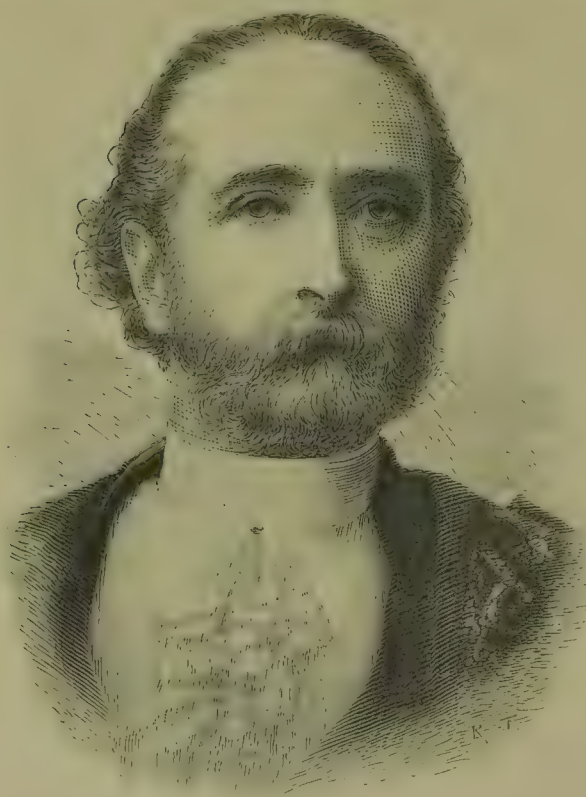
A ballad or operatic-tableau concert will be given each Thursday during November at the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Bridge-road; a science-lecture each Tuesday; and variety entertainments on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

The Earl of Yarborough's Hounds commenced the hunting season on Nov. 1, when the meet was at Brocklesby. The Master gave the customary hunt breakfast, which was largely attended.—Colonel J. T. North, of Eltham, has taken over the duties of Master of the Mid-Kent Stag-hounds. On Oct. 31, Colonel North entertained the hunt at breakfast at Farningham, and a field of 500 horsemen took part in the opening run.

The fourth annual exhibition of ancient art needlework, curious old brocades, and laces is open at the Art Galleries of Howell and James (Limited), Regent-street. The exhibition is interesting, not only on account of the rarity of such antique specimens of weaving and embroidery as have been brought together in this collection, but also as showing the beauty and thoroughness of the work done in ancient Persia, India, and Turkey.



MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF GRAY.



MR. ALDERMAN WHITEHEAD.
THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



MR. SHERIFF NEWTON.



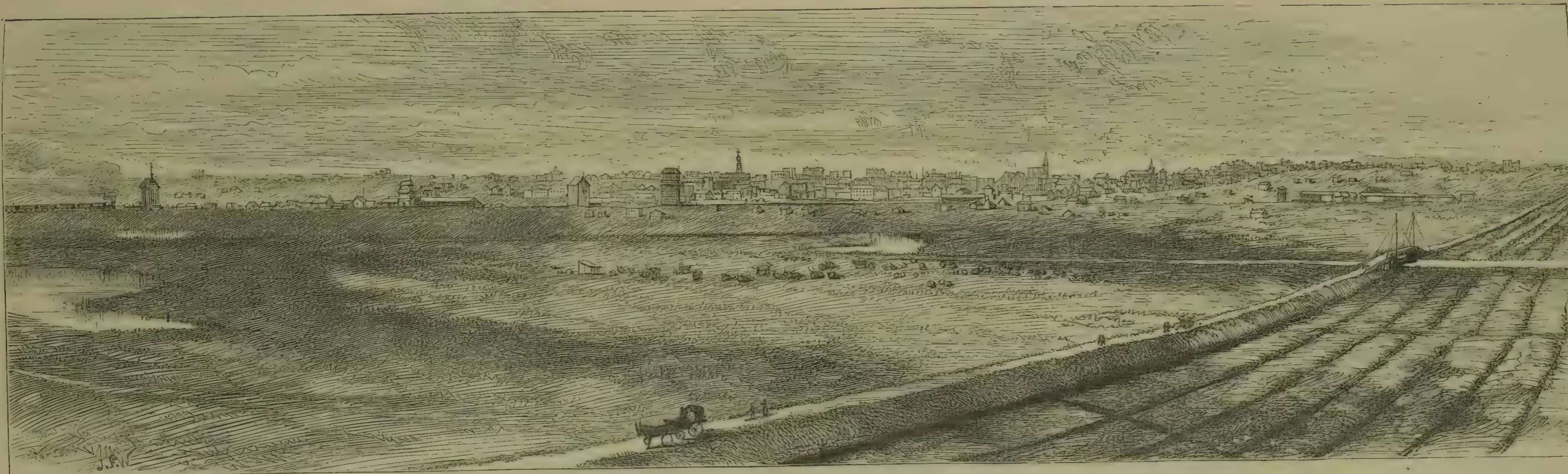
SUDBURY JUNCTION, TO ALGOMA AND GOLD MINES.



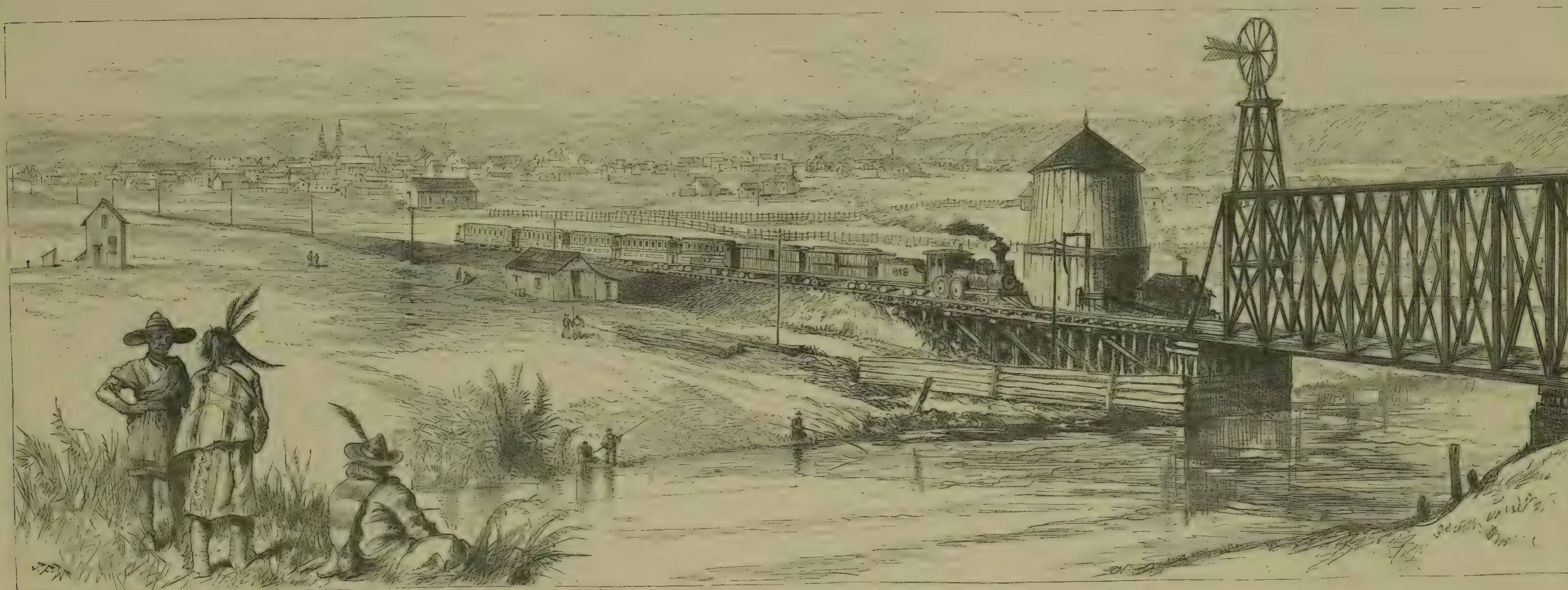
TROUT LAKE, FOUR MILE BAY, NIPISSING.



LAKE NIPISSING, ONTARIO: TROUT LAKE, NEAR NORTH BAY.



BRANDON, THE CENTRE OF THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRICT IN MANITOBA.



CALGARY, AT THE FOOT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, 2262 MILES WEST OF MONTREAL.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

We present this week, as promised, the first of a series of Sketches made by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, to furnish illustrations of a grand and important work accomplished by public enterprise in the greatest of the British Colonies, an achievement that is destined to have political and commercial results, as we confidently hope, most beneficial to the whole of the British Empire, and by which not only the national possession of a very large portion of North America is rendered more secure, but our intercourse with the farthest countries of Asia, with Japan and China and the East Indian Archipelago, and possibly hereafter with Australasia, obtains a new route, "Across Two Oceans," with the intervening breadth of the American Continent entirely traversed by railways over lands under British sovereignty in the vast territories of the Canadian Dominion. It is henceforth impossible—even if, by a hostile combination of European Powers which is not likely ever to arise in force superior to that of our own navy in the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal were to be closed against us, and if the safety of the Cape route were also compromised—it has become impossible for all the Powers of Europe to deprive England of direct access to the East, since Canada has made for us a road through the Far West to the Far East, by which a belt of steam-traffic, on sea and land, under the British flag, binds together the Old World and the New. In our own temperate latitudes, from London to Montreal, from Montreal to Vancouver, from Vancouver to the nearest islands of Eastern Asia, crossing 220 deg. of longitude, this region of Imperial dominion and maritime supremacy is given to be held by Englishmen; and it will be our own fault, whatever may be the disposition of any foreign nations, if we do not keep the Empire and the facilities of trade that England enjoys at the present time.

This is the grand consideration, from a British point of view, in estimating the Imperial value of the Canadian Pacific Railway; but with regard also to the spread and growth of that magnificent colony, until a late period not one but several colonies and remote settlements, now joined by a Federal Government with institutions as free as those of the United States Republic, the line of railway is actually proving what it was designed to be—the mighty instrument of agricultural, commercial, and industrial enterprise. It is rapidly covering "the Great Lone Land," the ancient hunting and trapping-ground of Indians and of the Hudson's Bay Company's fur trade, the "Red River" and the thousand miles of prairie, the Rocky Mountains, and the rugged highlands and forests of British Columbia, and the creeks and inlets of its Pacific coast, with a robust and energetic civilisation. For Canada is already so much of a nation, with her five millions of people of vigorous European race, accustomed to manage their own affairs, that she does not wait for help from England, for labour or capital—though she will pay well for both—and she certainly does not want Imperial guidance, counsel, or credit, in this huge task of filling up the empty places of half a continent with farms and villages and towns, abodes of thriving industry and comfortable homes. The Canadian nation, we expect, will be twenty or thirty millions before Old England is half a century older; and every Colonist feels sure of the capabilities of that vast country, whose geography is on such a scale that the British Islands might be dropped into one of its lakes. We take no account, indeed, of the greater part, about two-thirds, of the territorial extent of "British America," which is, on the whole, nearly as large as all Europe, and as large as the United States; but, setting aside the northern regions, Canada possesses more than a million square miles of territory favoured with a climate fit for the habitation of our countrymen and for agricultural industry. The soil and the climate are better as you go west, and are better than in many parts of the United States lying some degrees farther to the south. In mineral wealth, including coal as well as useful and precious metals, Canada is abundantly endowed, while her forests and her fisheries are most valuable possessions; her manufactures and her shipping exceed those of any country with the same population. There is ample justification, then, for the estimate that we form of the Canadian future: to which reference is here made only as the prospect, from a colonial point of view, attending the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is a line made by the Canadians for their own benefit, not expressly for the advantage of British Imperial policy, strategy, or commerce; and it is quite unlike the line sometimes talked of from North to South Australia, for it runs through fertile plains, and through a mountainous region which is rich in valuable minerals, and near great navigable rivers and lakes, which cannot fail to support a great traffic and a large population.

There are about 13,000 miles of railway in Canada at the present time. Every place of any importance has its one or more railway-stations. The three principal systems are the Canadian Pacific (4319 miles), Grand Trunk (2600 miles), and the Intercolonial (1190 miles). The remainder of the mileage is made up of smaller lines in the various provinces. The Dominion and Local Governments and municipalities have contributed, in one way or another, a fourth part of the cost. The number of passengers carried in 1887 was 10,698,638, and the freight is put down as 16,356,335 tons. There is no country in the world better served by railways than Canada.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is now in operation to the Pacific Ocean, and the rapidity and energy displayed in its construction deserve special mention. Until 1881, the line was being built by the Government; but in that year the work was undertaken by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the contract requiring its completion in ten years. It was, however, finished in December, 1885—nearly six years before the stipulated time; and it is one of the greatest engineering achievements of modern times. It is the shortest of the three great trans-continental lines, the distance from Montreal to Vancouver being 600 miles less than from New York to San Francisco. By the Canadian Pacific Railway, too, New York, Boston, and Portland are brought within from 300 to 500 miles nearer the Pacific coast by rail than formerly; and the distance from Liverpool to Japan and China, via the Canadian line, is shortened by about 1000 miles. The construction of this railway and the Intercolonial Railway has cost Canada about £24,000,000, equal to an annual burden of nearly £1,000,000, and about 18,000,000 acres of land. The Canadian Confederation may be considered as having been consolidated by means of this railway. Each province has now communication with the others and with the seaboard, and in consequence a great impetus will be given to trade and commerce. Eastern Canada has long had railway facilities,

but Manitoba, the North-West, and particularly British Columbia, have until recently remained more or less isolated, and therefore practically undeveloped. The railway, however, now brings this state of things to an end. Besides, it has opened up a large tract of fertile land in Manitoba and the North-West, unencumbered with timber, ready for the plough, and considered to be the largest wheat-field in the world. This tract of land is at least 900 miles long and 300 miles wide, or an area of over 200,000,000 acres, all more or less suitable for agricultural purposes, for the raising of wheat and other crops, and the breeding of cattle; and its population is rapidly growing. Without the railway the country must have remained an "illimitable wilderness." With it there is afforded the prospect of bright and happy homes for a large number of inhabitants, increased markets for local and British products, and a new era of prosperity for the Dominion. Branch lines have already been made in different parts of the North-West, and more are projected. Charters have been granted for a railway between Manitoba and Hudson's Bay, in anticipation of the shorter route through the Hudson Straits to the Atlantic Ocean being available for a sufficient time each year for commercial purposes. Not only have the people of Manitoba connection with the Pacific Ocean and with Eastern Canada through British territory, and access to the great lakes, but there are also two lines running to the United States boundary, joining there the American system of railways. Coal has been discovered in large quantities along the line of the railway; mines are being worked, coal is now sold at all the railway stations at a reasonable price, and dependence has no longer to be placed upon the supply from the United States.

Montreal, a city of 160,000 people, at the head of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, is practically an Atlantic Ocean port for large ships, though nearly six hundred miles from the open sea; but in winter the Lower St. Lawrence is closed by ice, Montreal is always accessible by railway either from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, by the Intercolonial line, or from Portland, Boston, or New York. While the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has a line to Quebec and others into



BRANDON, MANITOBA, WITH GRAIN ELEVATORS.

the maritime provinces, the eastern terminus of this great railway is at present at Montreal. Here are located its extensive shops for locomotive and car building and repairing. Here is its grain elevator of 600,000 bushels capacity, which the export trade over its lines had soon outgrown, so that a second and third of equal size and capacity have been required. The admirable terminal facilities are so arranged that the steamer or ship can take in grain and move other cargo at the same time, and the elevator charges are reduced to but one cent a bushel. At Montreal are the grand passenger station and the general offices for the company; while at Lachine, above the city, the railway company have constructed a second great bridge across the St. Lawrence. This bridge, to connect the Canadian Pacific lines on both sides of the river, is about 3500 ft. long, a single-tracked truss bridge, built on seventeen stone piers and abutments, and elevated 60 ft. above high water.

By the Canadian Pacific Railway we will commence the journey up the great tributary valley of the Ottawa from Montreal to the city of Ottawa, the Dominion capital, and beyond to the west. From Montreal to Vancouver is a distance of 2906 miles. Our Special Artist writes as follows:—

"At Montreal I called at the offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and was introduced to the manager, Mr. Van Horne, who at once became interested in the object of my visit—namely, to obtain passes and all information I could get for my sketching tour across from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by the most northern railway-line on the American Continent. I need hardly say that Mr. Van Horne did everything in his power to assist me; and as he is the ruling authority of this vast railway system, it was easily accomplished. I said goodbye to him with hearty thanks, being provided with passes and letters of introduction to all the principal officers of the company I was likely to meet on the road.

"Having engaged my berth in the sleeping-car, and seen my luggage duly labelled, I started on one of the finest trips across a vast continent that any traveller could desire.

"The first station of any importance we stopped at was North Bay, where we arrived at half-past nine in the morning. North Bay is a bustling little town on the romantic shores of Lake Nipissing. It has a population of 1600 people, with four churches and eight hotels, the only really good one being the Pacific Hotel, under the management of Mr. Mackie, where every politeness is shown to you and arrangements made for shooting or fishing-parties. Five years ago the spot on which the town stands was a virgin forest, and it was only by the Canadian Pacific Railway coming through and putting up a few sheds for the navvies, with a

store to supply the workmen, that this place was started, which soon developed into a small town. A speculative firm of Americans, Messrs. J. and W. Murray, purchased the surrounding land four years ago, and the town land almost entirely belongs to them. Buildings are still being put up and roads are being made, and there is no doubt that from its peculiar position on the main line, North Bay will, in a very short time, become one of the most flourishing and important of these towns.

"The Nipissing district is said to be one of the very finest for sport. There is moose-hunting—those animals weighing from 500 lb. to 2000 lb.; there are red deer, black bear, hares, partridges, wild ducks, and wild geese. The best fishing is to be had about four and a half miles out, at a charming spot known as Trout Lake. Here, in the season, which commences on June 1, sportsmen of the rod or line are to be seen in parties—some from England, as well as from the United States and Canada. Here the speckled trout is to be caught, weighing from half a pound to two pounds and a half; and salmon trout from 10 lb. to 30 lb. A lady last season caught a magnificent specimen weighing 35 lb. It is quite a sportsman's headquarters at Trout Lake. At a house owned by two brothers named Jessop, the elder, Dick Jessop, supplies boats, dogs, guides, fishing-tackle, tents, cooking utensils, and all necessary equipment for shooting or fishing; and for a party of five or six, will do the whole thing for four dollars a day, and labour, the party providing their own provisions and extra luxuries. There is a road out through the forest to Trout Lake; and the view on arrival is charming beyond description. I think a row on the lake to Four Mile Bay is alone worth the journey. Many settlers on the shore are to be seen clearing the ground and building houses. I am bound to own I was delighted with my visit to Mr. Jessop's fishing resort, and I made two Sketches of the spot, also a small view of the principal street in the town of North Bay. Unfortunately, on the return drive, the rain came down unmercifully, which put an end to my sketching. A Canadian buck-board carriage is not one of the most comfortable at any time, but in rain is simply horrible. It is a framework with four wheels and a board fixed across for you to sit on, which cannot be very luxurious, though it makes easy running for the horse; and I was not sorry when the hotel came in sight, and, later on, when I heard the sound of the train that was to take me on to Sudbury, another very young town on the Canadian Pacific Railroad."

Sudbury Junction, where the branch line commences which passes by the Denison gold-mines to Algoma, Lake Huron, opposite Manitoulin Island, and to the Sault Ste. Marie, the rapids by which Lake Superior discharges its surplus waters into Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, was mentioned in our last. The main line of railway proceeds westward, reaching the north shore of Lake Superior at Heron Bay, and keeping along the shore to Port Arthur, in Thunder Bay, where it plunges into the region of forests, rocks, rivers, and small lakes, between Lake Superior and Manitoba; the region which was traversed with much toil, chiefly in canoes, by the Red River Military Expedition of 1870, under command of the present Lord Wolseley. The city of Winnipeg, on the site of the old "Red River Settlement," to the south of Lake Winnipeg, 1423 miles from Montreal, is reached on the morning of the third day; this city is the flourishing capital of Manitoba, a province containing already some 120,000 people, with the best land for agricultural occupation. In this province, far on the line, is the new town of Brandon, with 4500 inhabitants, a great wheat-market for the Manitoba farmers, of which our Special Artist supplies a View, with another Sketch of the warehouse for corn, and its shaft called a "grain elevator," through which the corn is pumped up, like a liquid, from the waggons below to the topmost floor—the contrivance now much in use at the centres of the American corn trade. Beyond Manitoba, the great prairie provinces of Assiniboia and Alberta, respectively occupying the region of the South Saskatchewan and that nearer to the Rocky Mountains, with the Bow River and other large streams, extend more than a thousand miles; and to the north of Alberta is the territory of Athabasca, hitherto unoccupied, but which is described as equally promising, the climate being really less severe than that of Eastern Canada. The places along the line, Qu'Appelle, Regina, Moosejaw, Medicine Hat, and Calgary, which are small towns of rising importance—Regina is the political capital of its territory—need not detain us at present, except to stop at Calgary, a very pretty little town, situated in a broad valley, between the Bow and Elbow rivers, overlooked by the white peaks of the Rocky Mountains. To this place, and to Banff, a little farther on, we shall be called again by the next batch of our Special Artist's Sketches.

Lord Northbrook has built a new church on his estate at Stratton, in memory of his mother.

A new portable vapour bath, known as Mezzetti's "Victoria" Bath, is now in use in many of the London hospitals. By means of a spirit lamp, a kettle of water is rapidly heated, and when the water is boiling the patient can take a seat inside the frame and waterproof cover and prepare for the enjoyment of a most delicious vapour bath. The Victoria Bath may be obtained from all the principal ironmongers, as well as from the sole manufacturers, Messrs. Maxime and Co., 150, Old-street, London, E.C.

Mr. G. E. Lewis, of 32 and 33, Lower Loveday-street, Birmingham, has shown us his new, light, treble-grip gun, which he has named "The Ariel." Mr. Lewis is known as the maker of "The Gun of the Period," which has taken honours wherever shown. The gun we saw, though a 12-bore, weighed only 5½ lb., and this lightness is obtained without any sacrifice of strength; in fact, though the action is shorter and narrower than an ordinary 20-bore gun it is absolutely stronger, and this strength is obtained by the use of a new pattern of bar or front-action locks, which Mr. Lewis is using. Sportsmen will understand this when we say that the main-springs and all the internal work of the lock are behind the hammer, only the lock-plate itself being let into the body, which leaves the latter much stronger than usual. This gun, in its finished state, has passed through the ordeal of proof, the charge of which is more than double that used in a 12-bore cartridge. To gentlemen no longer able or willing to carry a 7 or 7½ lb. gun, or for hot climates, where weight tells, these light guns are indeed a boon. The maker guarantees it as being equal to all the charges of nitro compounds—i.e., Schultze E.C. and J.B., that may be used, as well as with the ordinary black powder.

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INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

The Council must doubly be congratulated on the present exhibition. The number of the pictures is considerably reduced, and the quality proportionately raised. English *genre* painting is liable to certain definite and apparently ineradicable faults—the chief being a persistent effort to tell a large story in a small canvas; but English landscape art is every year adapting itself more and more successfully to the cabinet or easel pictures which attract the majority of the purchasing public.

On the present occasion we shall limit our remarks to the contents of the Central Gallery; but it is fair to say that this preference is without any disparagement to the other rooms, in which, perhaps, the most distinctive works are to be found. Beginning with the President's single work, "Maud and May" (250), the daughters of Mr. Meredith Crosse, we fear that Sir J. D. Linton's admirers will be somewhat hardly pressed to find satisfaction in this arrangement in red. The two young girls are represented as musicians—the one in profile at the piano, and the other in full face with her violin in her lap. In the modelling of both figures Sir J. Linton seems to have been equally unfortunate, and the result, if accepted seriously, might be regarded as highly prejudicial to the girls' success in life. Of course, in every technical detail—in the stuff of the dresses, the gilt leather of the screen, the rich colours of the tapestry—Sir J. D. Linton shows his unrivalled skill and power. There is far more poetry and imagination in Mr. F. D. Millet's "Tender Chord" (299), although the girl who stands at the side of the muslin-curtained window is not in herself a bit more beautiful than the President's sitters. But Mr. Millet has made a charming picture of the girl, the notes of whose guitar have awakened in her mind the memory of some past happiness. Another clever and sympathetic study is Mr. C. E. Plimpton's "Despondent" (335), a girl with her violin lying almost unheeded in her lap. The face is full of feeling as well of expression, and the whole picture is pitched in harmony. Of the other single figures which attract notice are Mr. R. Arnold's "Norah" (217), Mr. Yeend King's "May and Marguerite" (372), Mr. George Morton's "Fortune-Teller" (375), and Mr. W. M. Wyllie's study (398) of a man in fancy dress; but it is only the two first-named whose work shows each year evidence of increasing skill, who will add to their reputation on the present occasion. Mr. Alma Tadema's study (367) of two Roman girls "at home" in the days of the Caesars is not overcrowded with classical knowledge and effect. The red-haired girl who is reclining on a sofa listening to the budget of news brought by her dark-haired friend is charming and delightful in every respect; and there is thrown over the little scene a subdued colour and softness to which Mr. Tadema does not always treat us. The figure of the girl whose back is turned towards the spectator does not please us so much, the flesh, muscles, and drapery being too much "bunched" to be graceful. Mr. Blair Leighton's "Au Revoir" (288), a lady descending an elaborate staircase in a simple courtyard, and Mr. G. L. Seymour's "Eastern Potentate" (293), owe their attraction to their surroundings; and, in like manner, Miss Miriam J. Davis's "Hiding" is well worthy of notice on account of its delicate colouring.

The more distinctly *genre* works are, as is usual at the Institute, marked by a certain sense of humour. Mr. Fred. Roe's "Mutual Suspicion" (227) is a cleverly-painted variation, though somewhat hot in colour, of the old story of the dubious guest in the days of highwaymen; but whether the gentleman who is warming himself in the ingle-nook is thief or thief-

taker is left to the spectator's fancy. Mr. Chevallier Taylor's "House of Cards" (239) is a trifle too grey in its light and too black in its shadows; whilst Mr. Stanhope Forbes spoils one's complete enjoyment of "The Fisherman's Reading-Room" (241) by the incongruity of the lighted lamp and bright day-illuminated window in the background. This group of literary politicians is nevertheless admirable and full of character, though, perhaps, a trifle less strong in contrast than Mr. J. H. Lorimer's "Fisherman's Strong Cove" (272), where we have a similar scheme worked out even more boldly. In this case we are almost disposed to think that the reflected light on the bladders which hang from the roof of the fisher's cave-hut is too bright, and almost overbalances the bit of open sea and sky that one sees through the open door in the distance. In a very different key and full of bright sunshine is Mr. David Carr's "Sunday Dinner" (340). Like the two before-named works, it bears witness to the seaside experience of the artist, who has caught without exaggeration the self-importance and contentment of the little fisherboy, who is bringing home the baked dinner for the Sunday meal. The setting of the figure is, however, the best part of Mr. Carr's picture, and shows how fully he can enter into the brighter side of humble life, where toil has not brought everything to dull, faded hues. Mr. Fred. Morgan's "Tired Gleaners" (313) occupies a sort of middle place between Mr. Carr's work and that of a popular French School of Art. The more humorous phase of *genre* painting is well represented by Mr. Dendy Sadler's "Corked" (323), a questionable bottle of port wine offered by a country client to the family lawyer. The pair are seated in a pleasant garden, ready, perhaps, to enjoy the gossip of the neighbourhood, when the unpeppering thought is brought home to the visitor that it is unnecessary to prolong his stay. Mr. Frank Dadd's "Awaiting Sentence" (265) is bright in colour in spite of the awful fate impending over the youthful apple-stealer, who, apparently, is brought before his own grandfather, from whom the despoiled farmer is seeking justice. Mr. Watson Nicoll sends a good pendant in "Forbidden Fruit" (276), but here the merit is in the painting of the foliage rather than in the attitude of the marauders. Mr. J. C. Dollman's "Vols. I., II., and III." (357) represents three young ladies on a bench at various stages of an exciting novel; and indifference, interest, and excitement are cleverly depicted in the three faces. Mr. John White's little family group (360) happily recalls the lines of Cowper's "Task":—

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd—
To hear the roar she sends through all gates
At a safe distance!

Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Original Sketch for St. Paul's" (404) is, we presume, a study for a larger picture; for, although painted with the care he gives to his best work, the subject more properly belongs to historical painting, representing, as it does, Wren and his critics discussing the plans of the cathedral.

In landscape work, the Institute is generally well provided, and this year is no exception. Mr. Alfred Parsons' "Still Waters" (319) is a charming little backwater, overhung by bright, sun-touched foliage, which stands apart from the rest of the landscape work. Scarcely less attractive, though in a wholly different style, are Mr. Fred. Cotman's "Flooded Glebe" (240), Mr. Geo. Chester's "Old Rickyard" (249), Mr. Homer Watson's "Lowland Burn" (242), and Mr. Half-wright's "Norfolk Marsh" (235), in all of which some very

distinctive painting is displayed. Of almost-equal merit are Mr. Herbert Snell's "Autumn" (253), Mr. Claude Hayes' "After the Floods" (261), Mr. H. C. Fox's "October Afternoon" (263), Mr. A. Helcké's "Study of Heather" (321) and "A Bright October Day" (330), both rich in colour, though the sandy background of the latter is a little too pronounced. Mr. Alfred East's "Bree Day" (316), Mr. C. H. Poingdestre's "Marble Mountains of Carrara" (356), and Mrs. Alfred Williams' "Evening after Rain" (399), all show a touch and appreciation of Nature, and give confidence in the future of English landscape painting.

The leading American etchers have at length agreed upon a step which, we trust, will lead to the removal of some international grievances, and will at the same time give to etching that place in art which it occupies in European countries. The Society of American Etchers not only proposes to hold annual exhibitions, but further to protect the works of its members by a system of stamping, analogous to the printsellers' stamp in this country; to limit the editions of each work, and thus to give guarantees alike to the artist and the purchaser. The officers elected for the ensuing year are Mr. Thomas Moran, president; Mr. C. T. Turner, secretary; and Mr. Fred Dielman, treasurer. The society has its offices at 19, East Sixteenth-street, New York City, U.S.A.

The first of Miss J. E. Harrison's course of lectures on "The Temples and Cults of Ancient Athens" was delivered, on Nov. 2, to a crowded audience, in the theatre of the South Kensington Museum. By means of views and diagrams, Miss Harrison showed the growth of the Acropolis and the building of new temples out of the materials and on the foundations of older ones. Of the original form of worship practised by the oldest inhabitants of Attica we shall probably learn very little; but, as Miss Harrison showed, the slight traces discoverable amongst the debris point to an early recognition of Cereus as the founder of the Attic race; and his connection with Gaia, the Earth-Goddess, would seem to suggest that the Athenians were content to refer their origin no further back.

A memorial window has been placed in St. Luke's Church, Maidenhead, in memory of the late Admiral Sir A. Cooper-Key. The window contains a representation of "Christ instructing from a ship the multitude on the shore."

Lord Arthur Hill, M.P., in recognition of his efforts to secure the success of the Irish Exhibition, has been presented with a service of plate by the exhibitors.—There is to be a Winter Exhibition at Olympia. The main features are to be manufactures and industries, art galleries, a fair of all nations, promenade concerts, and a children's pantomime.

The results of the American observations of the last transit of Venus, in 1882, have been tabulated and summarised by Professor Harkness. Ten stations of observation had been established in the United States, and 1472 photographs of the transit had been taken. The mean of the results gives the parallax as 8.847 min.—that is, the mean distance of the earth from the sun is about 92,315,000 statute miles.

The medallions of the Queen on the Jubilee Memorial Clock-Tower at Weymouth were on Oct. 31 unveiled by the Mayor (Alderman John Groves), in the presence of the Earl of Ilchester (Lord Lieutenant of the county), Mr. Troyte Bullock (High Sheriff of Dorset), Colonel Hambro, M.P. for South Dorset, and a large concourse of the leading inhabitants of the town and county.

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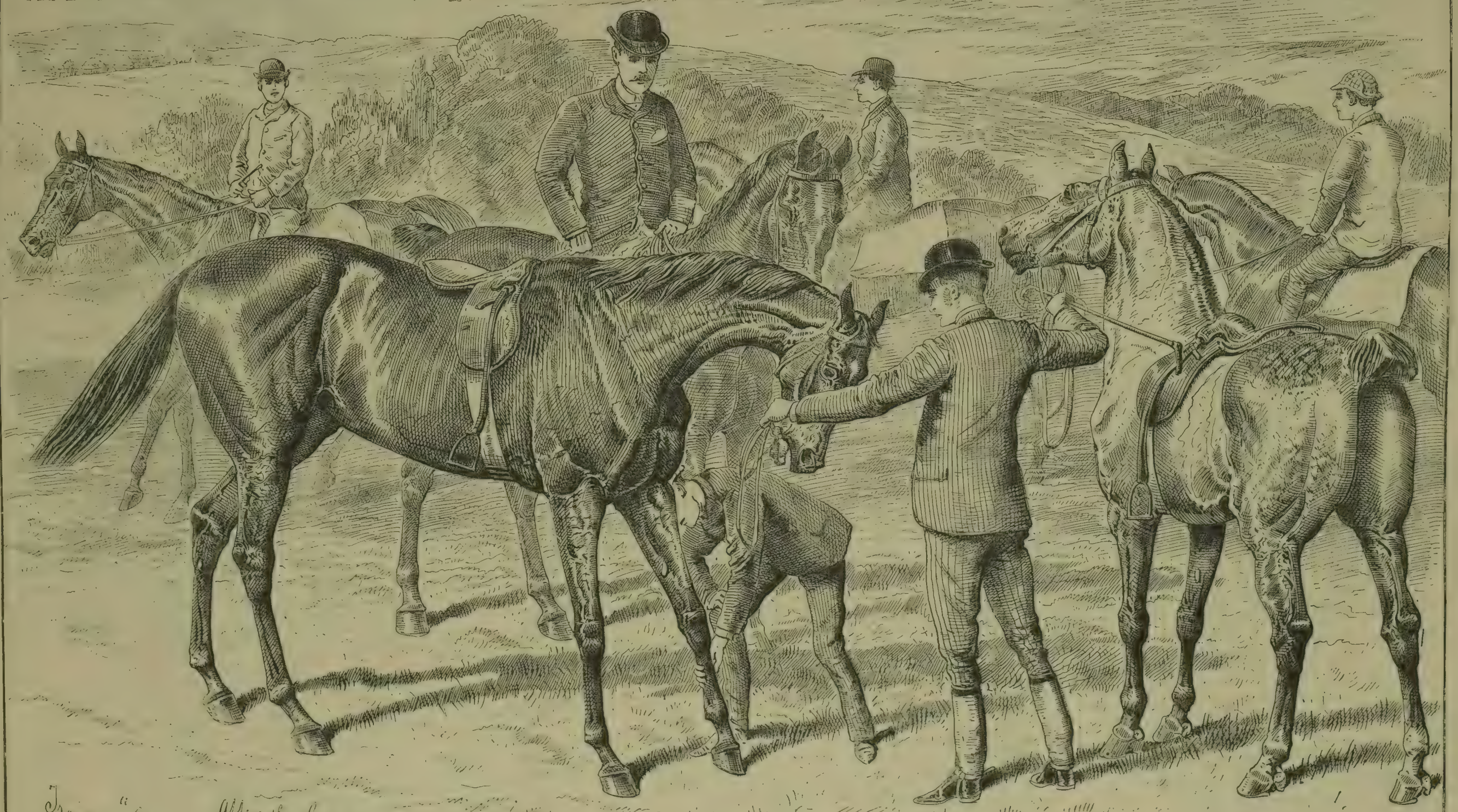
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For Obituary, &c., see page 566; Wills and Bequests, see page 568; Ladies' Column, see page 570.

MUSIC.

The performances of the National Russian Opera Company at the "Jodrell" (late "Novelty") Theatre have continued to consist of repetitions of Rubinstein's opera "The Demon," the production of which on the opening night, Oct. 22, was duly noticed by us. The fine singing and acting of M. Winogradov in the title-character has been, throughout, the chief feature in the representations of the opera.

Mr. William Carter's concert at the Royal Albert Hall, in celebration of Hallowe'en (already briefly referred to), brought forward Miss Josephine Simon, a young vocalist from San Francisco, who made her first appearance here, and met with a very favourable reception. She possesses a soprano voice of very good quality, which will be heard to greater advantage when her style is more matured. Mr. Sims Reeves and other eminent vocalists contributed to the concert, which included some effective part-singing by Mr. Carter's excellent choir, some skilful violin-playing by Herr Johannes Wolff, and other items. The programme was, appropriately, chiefly of a Scotch character.

We have previously alluded to the opening of a new series of concerts of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society (now called the "Royal Choral Society") with Mozart's "Requiem" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," the performances of which must be further spoken of hereafter.

The competition for the "Lady Jenkinson Prize" of £5 (for the best performance of a pianoforte sonata of Beethoven) took place, at the Guildhall School of Music, on Nov. 1, when it was awarded to Kate Augusta Davies. There were twenty competitors.

Four of the new series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace have now taken place. At the latest, on Nov. 3, a new "Festal" symphony, by Mr. H. Gadsby, was performed for the first time. Orchestral works by the same composer had previously been brought forward at these concerts with considerable success. That now referred to is the most important and the best of Mr. Gadsby's productions. It consists of the full complement of movements, in most of which the jubilant style appropriately prevails, the intermediate "Adagio" being chiefly characterised by melodious grace. The working out of the details of each movement is very skilful, and the instrumentation full of effective variety. The symphony was so favourably received that it will, doubtless, soon be heard again. The instrumental programme of the day included some graceful dances by Schubert (for stringed instruments), ballet music by M. Saint-Saëns, and Mdlle. Janotha's fine pianoforte playing in Mendelssohn's first concerto, and a "scherzo" by Chopin. The vocalist was Mdlle. Douilly, who was favourably received on her first appearance here. The violin obligato to one of her songs was well played by Miss M. Douglas. The Promenade Concerts given on Thursday and Saturday evenings at the Crystal Palace have been rendered so attractive as to prove widely welcome to the large neighbouring public.

London musical activity will receive an important and powerful impulse on Nov. 12 by the resumption of the Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall. The inauguration of the thirty-first season of these excellent performances will bring gladness to the multitudes who throng to them in just appreciation of the high and pure musical influences which they subserve. The opening concert, which will be of strong and sterling interest, will include the co-operation of Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé), and MM. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti

in the string quartet; Miss Fanny Davies as solo pianist, and Miss Liza Lehmann as vocalist. The first of the Saturday afternoon performances will take place on Nov. 17, when Sir Charles Hallé will be the solo pianist.

Mr. Isidore De Lara will give vocal recitals, to take place at Steinway Hall, on the afternoons of Nov. 13 and 27; and Herr Waldemar Meyer announces two important orchestral concerts, to take place at St. James's Hall, on the evenings of Nov. 22 and Dec. 12. Herr Meyer is a skilful violinist, who has studied under Herr Joachim and gained eminence abroad, and, recently, in this country.

The London Ballad Concerts will be resumed, for the twenty-third season, at St. James's Hall, on the evening of Nov. 21. Several eminent vocalists will contribute to the programme, which will also comprise violin performances by Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé).

It is gratifying to hear of the recovery of Madame Trebelli from her recent severe illness.

The Royal Society of Musicians will celebrate its 150th anniversary on Thursday evening, Nov. 29, by a grand performance of Handel's "Messiah" in Westminster Abbey. Madame Albani, Madame Patey, and other eminent artists will be the soloists, and there will be a full band and chorus conducted by Dr. Bridge, organist of the Abbey. The occasion will be one of high and special interest, it being the first performance of the "Messiah" in the Abbey since that of 1834, when it was given, also for the benefit of the society named above, by command of King William IV.; another point of interest being the fact that Handel was a member and large benefactor of the Royal Society of Musicians. It is to be hoped that the coming performance will result in substantial money aid to an institution that renders great service in the support of decayed musicians, their widows and orphans, and this by a system of unobtrusive and economical self-management that has few parallels.

The eminent music-publishing firm of Ricordi, of Milan, London, and elsewhere, has lately acquired the important copyrights and other trade interests of F. Lucca, of Milan, who has retired from business. By this means, the already vast number of valuable publications comprised in the catalogue of Messrs. Ricordi has been very greatly increased.

Notice is given that the State apartments at Windsor Castle are closed until further orders.

During October, according to the Board of Trade returns, 23,478 emigrants of British origin left our shores, of whom 16,583 were English, 2325 Scotch, and 4570 Irish; 15,781 went to the United States, 2010 to British North America, and 3059 to Australasia. The total numbers in October, 1887, were 46,214 English, 2387 Scotch, and 5040 Irish, who went to the above-named places in about the same proportions.

MARRIAGE.

On Sept. 27, at the house of the bride's father, by the Rev. G. A. S. Adams, English Chaplain at Rosario, Frederick W. Whiting, fourth son of the late Captain George W. Whiting, R.N., to Anna Gatecombe, eldest daughter of J. Frederick Norman, of Santa Fé, Argentine Republic, and grand-daughter of the late John F. Norman, of Staple Grove, Somerset.

DEATH.

On Oct. 31, William James Malet Temple-Barrow, Esq., of Clyde House, Twickenham, and of Southwell, Notts, the eldest son of the late Captain C. I. Barrow, of Southwell, Notts, aged 36.

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OBITUARY.

LORD NEWBOROUGH.

Sir Spencer Bulkeley Wynn, third Baron Newborough in the



Peerage of Ireland, and fourth Baronet of England, died on Nov. 1, aged eighty-five. He was second son of Sir Thomas Wynn, third Baronet, first Lord Newborough, by Maria Stella Petronilla, his second wife, and succeeded to the family honours at the death of his elder brother, in 1832. He married, May 10, 1834, Frances Maria, eldest daughter of the Rev. Walter De Winton, of Hay Castle, Breconshire, and by her (who died on Nov. 18, 1857) he had several children. The eldest son, the Hon. Thomas John Wynn, dying in the lifetime of his father, the title devolves on his eldest son, William Charles, now fourth Lord Newborough, who is in minority, having been born in 1873. The late Lord's daughter, Isabella Elizabeth, is married to Rowland, Viscount Hill. A very curious and interesting story attaches to Maria Stella, Lady Newborough, which is fully narrated in Sir Bernard Burke's "Vicissitudes of Families."

SIR BENJAMIN CHAPMAN, PART.

Sir Benjamin James Chapman, fourth Bart., of Killna Castle, Westmeath; Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of that county, died on Nov. 3. He was born on Feb. 9, 1810, the second son of Sir Thomas Chapman, second Bart., by Margaret, his wife, daughter of Mr. James Fetherston, of Bracklin Castle, and succeeded to the title and extensive estates of the family at the death of his brother in 1852. From 1841 to 1847, he sat in Parliament on the Liberal interest for the county of Westmeath. He married, in 1849, Maria, daughter of Mr. Richard Steel Fetherstonhaugh, and had two sons and one daughter. The elder son, now Sir Montagu Richard Chapman, fifth Bart., of Killna Castle, was born on Feb. 22, 1853.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir Lewis Whincop Jarvis, on Nov. 2, at his residence, Middleton Towers, King's Lynn, after a prolonged illness, in his seventy-second year.

The Rev. George Cooper, M.A., R.N., at his residence, Fairfield, Liverpool, on Oct. 25, aged eighty-five years. He was senior naval instructor and chaplain, having entered the service in 1835. He served on the flag-ship Blenheim at the taking of the forts of Bocca Tigris and the capture of Amoy and Chin-hae in 1841, and received the Chinese war medal for meritorious services.

Count Van Bylandt, the Netherlands Minister to the Court of St. James, who was specially instructed to attend the bicentenary celebration of the landing of the Prince of Orange, on Nov. 5 laid the foundation-stone for a statue of the Prince, to be erected on the beach at Brixham, Devon. There was a large concourse of spectators.

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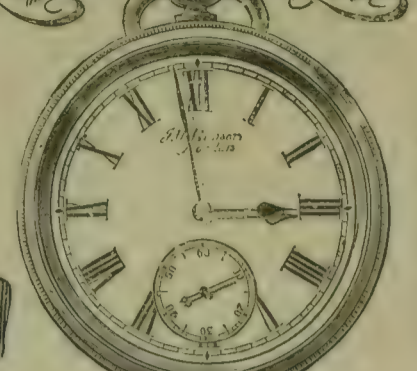
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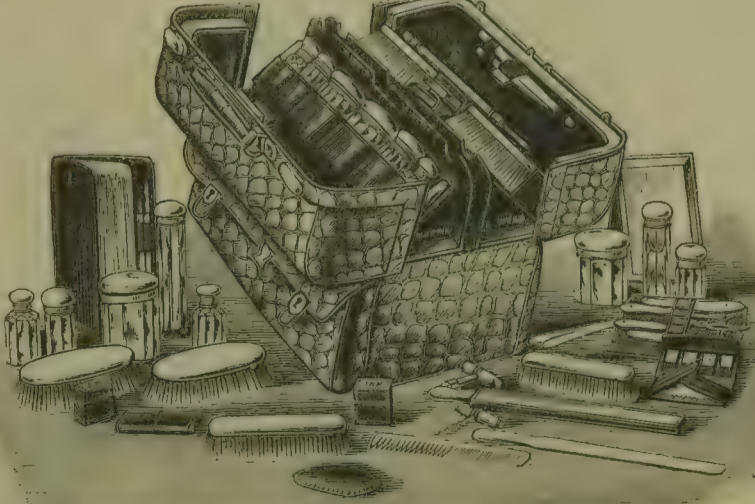


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1883), with three codicils (dated Nov. 28, 1885, and April 12 and Aug. 16, 1888), of Mr. George William Petter, late of Bournemouth, and of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Co., Ludgate-hill, who died on Sept. 16 last, was proved on Nov. 1 by the Rev. William Dixon Halse Petter, the son, Arthur Petter, the brother, Theodore Albert Mitchell, and William Parren, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £520,000. The testator bequeaths £50 to the Church Missionary Society; £20 each to Mrs. Fegan's Boys' Home (Southwark-street), the North Devon Infirmary and the North Devon Dispensary at Barnstaple, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society of Scotland, the Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood, the Home for Incurables at Putney, the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum, the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, the Booksellers' Benevolent Institution, the Newspaper Press Fund, Dr. Barnardo's Home, and the Orphanage at Stockwell founded by Mr. Spurgeon; £500 each to his sister, Charlotte, and his friend, Thomas Dixon Galpin; £250 to his brother Edwin; £50 each to the children of his brothers Edwin and Arthur, £350 each to Theodore Albert Mitchell and William Parren, an annuity of £250 and 150 shares in Cassell and Co., Ltd. to his brother Arthur, and legacies to friends, servants, and others. He devises the advowson and perpetual right of presentation to the rectory and church of St. Leonard, Exeter, to the Rev. James Frederick Sheldon, and his estate called Down Grange, Basingstoke, to his son William Dixon Halse Petter. He gives his wife £1500, his house at Bournemouth for life, and an annuity of £2500 during widowhood, to be reduced to £750 in the event of her again marrying. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his children, William, Horace, Clara, Lillie, and Gertrude, the shares of his daughters and son Horace to be held in trust for them, for life, and at their death to their children as they shall respectively appoint.

The will (dated July 7, 1888) of Mr. John Griffith, late of No. 6, Hanover-terrace, Regent's Park, and formerly of Finsbury-place, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Oct. 25 by Samuel Clewin Griffith and Daniel Clewin Griffith, the nephews, and Miss Mary Anne Harcourt Griffith, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £178,000. The testator bequeaths £1500 each to Susanna Bateman Tindall and Florence Rosalie Laming; £4000 to Bateman Harcourt; £3000 to Elizabeth Harcourt; £1000, and about £5800 stock of the Gas Light and Coke Company and the Imperial and Continental Gas Company, to be divided between his nieces, Mrs. Fanny Norman, Mary Anne Griffith, and Susanna Clewin Griffith; £1500, on trust, for the children of John Clewin Griffith; £2500 to Elizabeth Cookson Bowyer; £3500 and his house in Upper Bedford-place to Samuel Clewin Griffith; £3500 and his houses in Woburn-square and Torrington-square to Daniel Clewin Griffith; and many other legacies. He gives £30,000 Metropolitan Board of Works Stock, £22,000 of the Two

and a Half per Cent Annuities, and all his Railway Securities (with the exception of those of the Baltimore and Potomac Company), upon trust, to pay £250 per annum for two years to his two nephews, his executors, and then an annual payment of £10 each during his daughter's life, and the residue of the income to his said daughter, for life; and at her death, upon further trust, as to the Board of Works Stock and the Two and a Half per Cents, as she shall by will or testament appoint, among his next-of-kin; and as to the Railway Securities as she shall appoint generally. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay £4000 each to the London Hospital, Guy's Hospital, the Middlesex Hospital, and St. Mary's Hospital; and £4000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society, if the residue shall be sufficient, and the ultimate residue, if any, to his daughter.

The will and codicil of Mr. George Stovin Venables, Q.C., late of Mitre-court, Temple, and Llysduan Hall, Brecon, who died on Oct. 6, were proved on Nov. 1 by the Rev. Richard Lister Venables, the brother, Franklin Lushington, and Rowland George Venables, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £146,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Franklin Lushington, £200 to Rowland George Venables, £500 to the Rev. Herbert Venables, and many other legacies and annuities. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brother, the Rev. Richard Lister Venables.

The will (dated March 3, 1885), with a codicil (dated May 4, 1888), of Mr. Arthur Littledale, formerly of Fullford, The Park, Cheltenham, but late of East Cliff House, Bournemouth, who died on Sept. 2, was proved on Oct. 27 by the Rev. Charles Edward Littledale and Captain Henry Charles Littledale, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £143,000. The testator gives all his moveable property and live and dead stock at his mansion house, £1000, and an annuity of £1200 to his wife, Mrs. Emily Denton Littledale; £5000 to each of his daughters, Mrs. Georgiana Emily Tottenham and Mrs. Henrietta Julia Makgill, for their own separate use; and £200 to each executor. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his five sons, Charles Edward, Henry Arthur, Fletcher Castell Hungerford, Herbert Charles Thornton, and Frank Loftus, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 7, 1886) of Mr. Herbert Glendining Bainbridge, formerly of Leamington, but late of Malvern Hall, Solihull, Warwickshire, who died on Aug. 29 last, was proved on Oct. 25 by Herbert William Bainbridge, the son, William Maunsell Reeves, Arthur Torriano Rickards, and Mrs. Rose Bainbridge, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £85,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and all his furniture, plate, glass, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Rose Bainbridge; and £200 to William Maunsell Reeves. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life or widowhood, she paying each of his sons who have attained twenty-one £200 per annum; but, in the event of her remarriage, she is to receive a fixed annuity of £300. Subject thereto the whole of his property is to be divided between his children in certain

shares, the trusts contained in his will as to his business having become void.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1887), with two codicils (dated March 3 and Aug. 18, 1888), of Mr. William Freer Scholfield, late of No. 55, Onslow-gardens, South Kensington, who died on Oct. 10, was proved on Oct. 25 by the Rev. Charles Richard Scholfield, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £74,000. The testator bequeaths all his wines and consumable stores, the use and enjoyment, for life, of his household furniture and domestic effects, and an annuity of £1200 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Champion Scholfield; annuities of £100 to his cousin Emma Hindly and £30 to Anne Headley; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, the Rev. Charles Richard Scholfield, for his own use and benefit.

The will (dated 1887), and a codicil (dated April 6, 1888), of Mr. John Archibald Tryon, late of Stamford, Lincoln, who died on June 24 last, were proved on Oct. 30, by Daniel John Evans, Joseph Phillips, and Edward Worsfold Mowll, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Daniel John Evans; £1000 each to Joseph Phillips and Edward Worsfold Mowll; £5000 to the Hon. Mrs. Clementina Tryon, wife of Admiral George Tryon; £5000, upon trust, to pay the income to Miss Macleod, for life; £500 to Thomas Peter Greenwood; £500 to his groom, and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between the daughters of Lieut.-Colonel Tryon and Richard Tryon, share and share alike.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1881), with a codicil (dated Aug. 5, 1886), of Mrs. Elizabeth Antrobus, late of No. 72, Coronation-road, Bristol, widow, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Oct. 27 by Christian Philip Sachs, John Goode, and Henry Havard, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £11,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1100 South Indian Railway Stock to her nephew Henry Havard; £1200 Scinde Railway Stock, upon trust, for her brother, Charles Havard, for life; £1762 Annuities, upon trust, for George Havard; £1300 Madras Railway Stock, upon trust, for Edward Havard, for life, and then, upon further trust, for Louisa, his wife; £1500 Bombay and Baroda Railway Stock to his sister Sophia Sachs, upon trust, for her life; and on their respective deaths to the children of Edward Havard. The residue of her property she leaves between Henry, George, and Elizabeth Havard.

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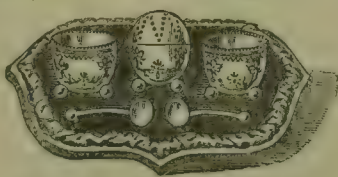
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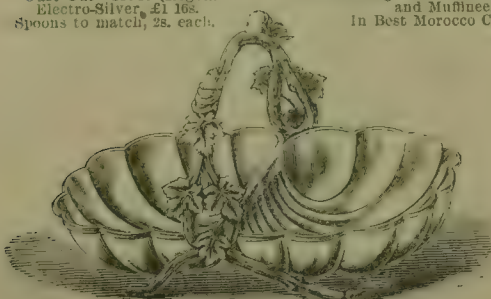
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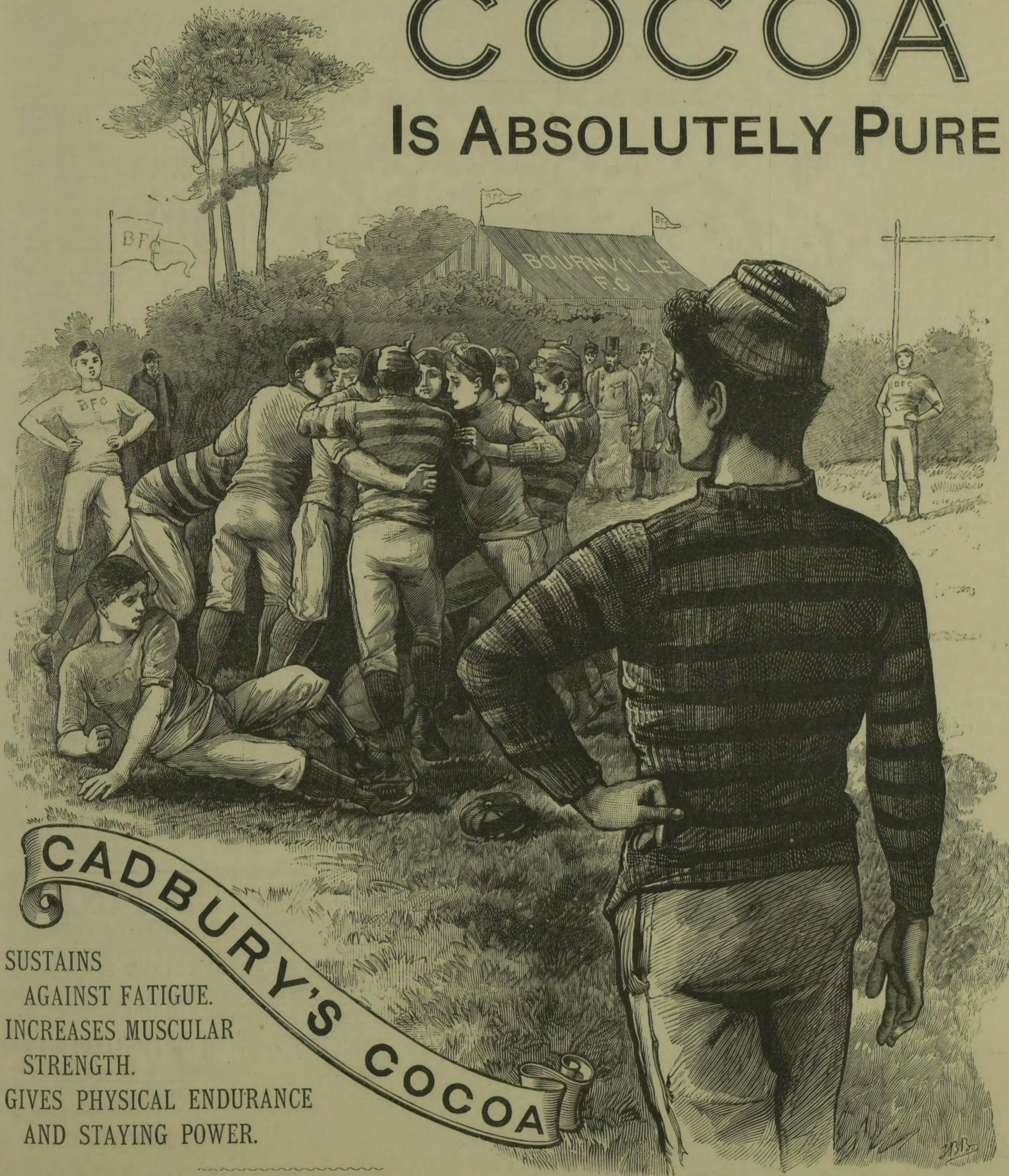
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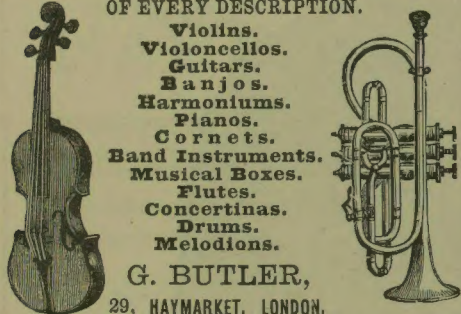
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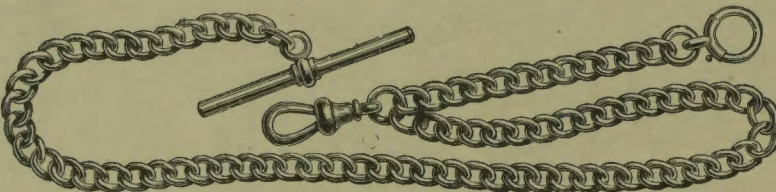
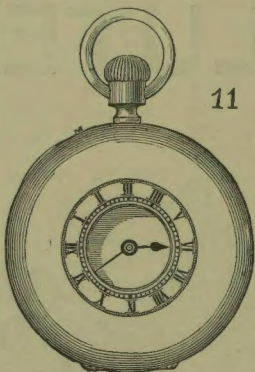
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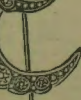
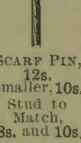
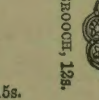
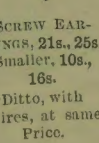
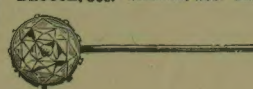
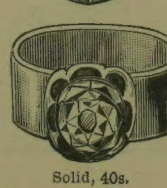
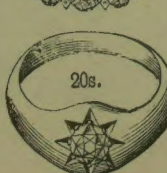
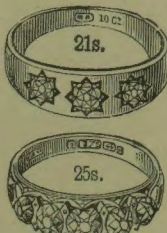
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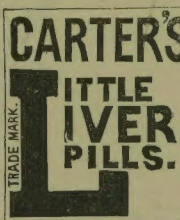
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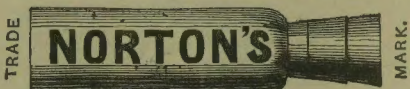
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